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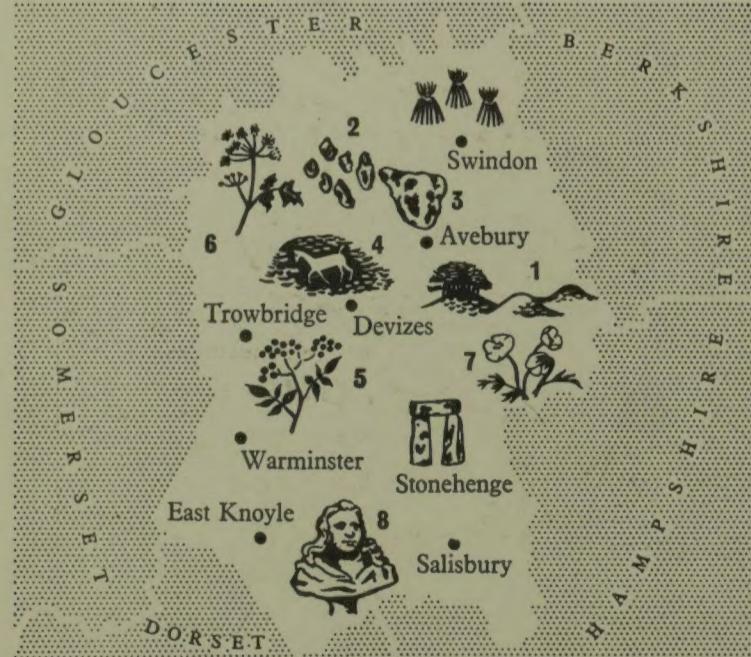
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Painted by Keith Grant

Shell guide to WILTSHIRE



Wiltshire has been farmed since prehistoric times. Corn is harvested across its curving chalk lands alongside the burial mounds of its ancient people (1). About thirty-seven centuries ago these early cultivators and herdsmen built circular temples of stone uprights at Stonehenge; and at Avebury, where larger circles were joined to a smaller one by a processional avenue (2). The temple uprights were mostly sarsen (3), remnants of a crust of hardened sandstone which were hauled off the downs. British and English disputed the grazing lands, building the long ditched earthen wall of Wansdyke or Woden's Dyke to prevent cattle-raiding. Thatched cottages and thatched chalk walls typify Wiltshire's dependence on chalk and crop. Apt symbols of the county are the White Horses (4), of which seven were cut on the chalk slopes between 1741 and 1937, though the farm horse has given way to the tractor chugging between sarsen and chalk wall. Typical downland plants are clumps of Elder (5), Poppies, and pathside or roadside masses of Cow Parsley (6) and of Wiltshire's finest flower, the Meadow Cranesbill (7). One of Wiltshire's greatest men, the architect Sir Christopher Wren (8), born in the parsonage of East Knoyle in 1632, belongs by contrast more to the London of St Paul's and his other churches.

The "Shell Guide to Trees" is now published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 7s. 6d. The Shell Guides to "Flowers of the Countryside", "Birds and Beasts", and "Fossils, Insects and Reptiles" are also available at 7s. 6d. each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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The key to the Countryside

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Team prizes, trophies, first places in several important international events and a coveted 'Coupe des Alpes'—this impressive list of motoring honours had already been collected in 1958 by the formidable new Sunbeam Rapier—only six months after its introduction!



In the famous '58 Monte Carlo Rally, the Stuart Trophy for the highest placed British car went to Sunbeam Rapier. Finishing fifth in overall classification, driver Peter Harper arrived at Monte Carlo after a penalty-free 2,000 mile dash across Europe from Sweden.



A new Sunbeam Rapier, making its competition debut, won outright Britain's 'toughest ever' international R.A.C. Rally. After 2,000 miles of snow and icy roads, Sunbeam clinched its victory with a magnificent performance in the final manoeuvrability tests.



In the gruelling 4-day Circuit of Ireland's International Rally, which led competitors from Belfast to Tramore, Killarney, Londonderry and Bangor, two new Sunbeam Rapiers took 1st and 2nd places in the popular 'closed car over 1300 c.c. class.' The winning team was J. E. Dowling and C. J. Atkinson; John Peile and R. Bell drove the other successful Sunbeam.



The Vosges, Jura and Auvergne mountains and the French Alps were in the route of the six-day Dutch Tulip Rally. Three works-entered Sunbeam Rapiers were awarded the coveted manufacturers' team prize.



More glory for 2 new Sunbeam Rapiers in the '58 Scottish Rally: 1st and 3rd places in the up-to-2600 c.c. class for modified touring cars.



2,600 miles of incredibly narrow, twisting mountain passes make the Alpine Rally one of Europe's toughest motor racing events. A Sunbeam Rapier arrived unpenalised at Marseilles to win a class victory and a coveted 'Coupe des Alpes.'



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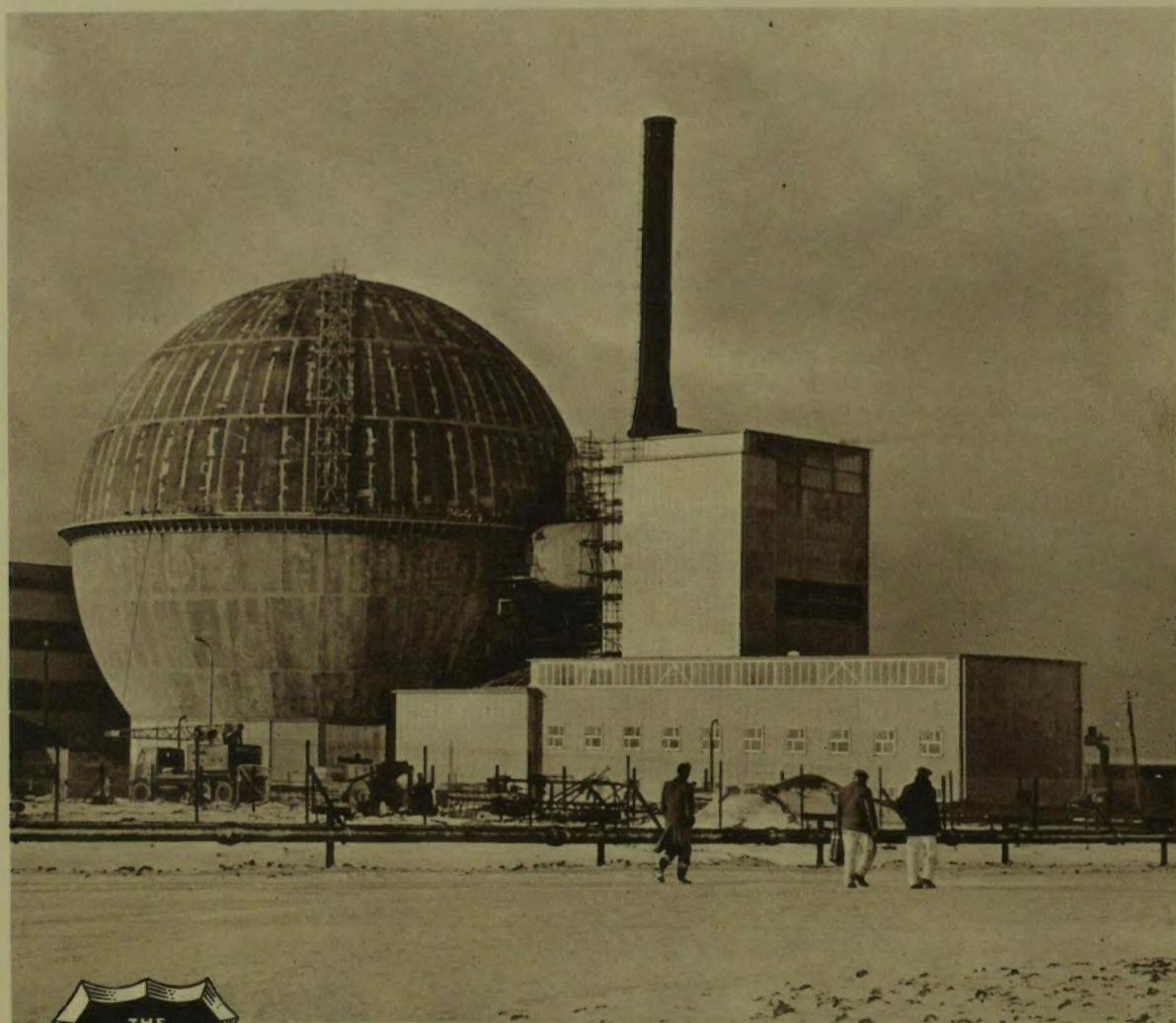
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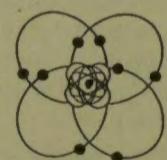
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Photograph: United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority.



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The end to a
perfect dinner—
as decreed by
French Law

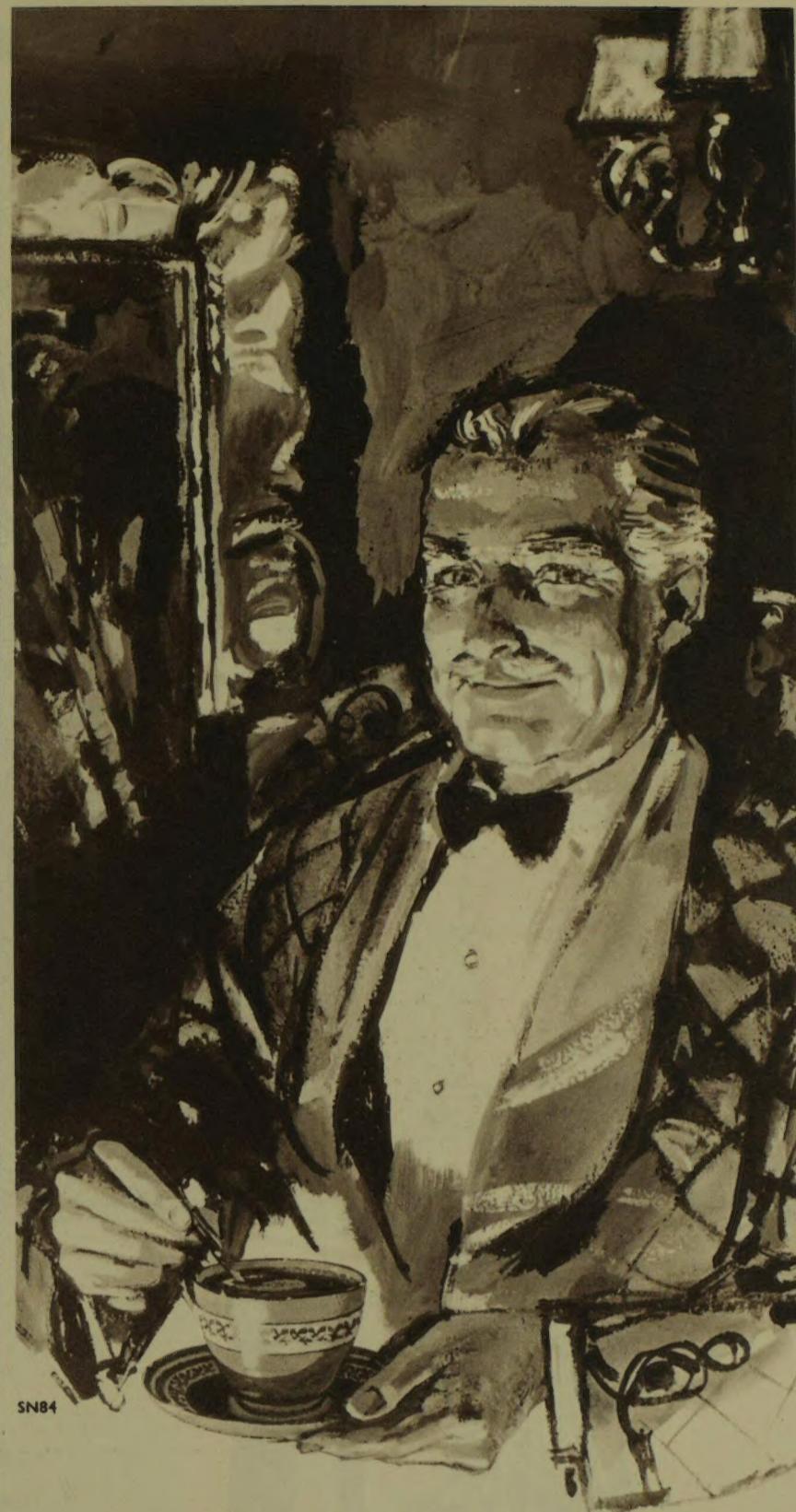


French Law controls
the naming of the finest
brandy with extreme severity. It
decrees that only brandy originating
from the Grande and Petite
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Rémy Martin produce Fine
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called the "Pride of Cognac". And
it is important to you that Rémy
Martin make *nothing* less good. This
means that when you insist on
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a really fine brandy . . . genuine
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PRIDE OF COGNAC

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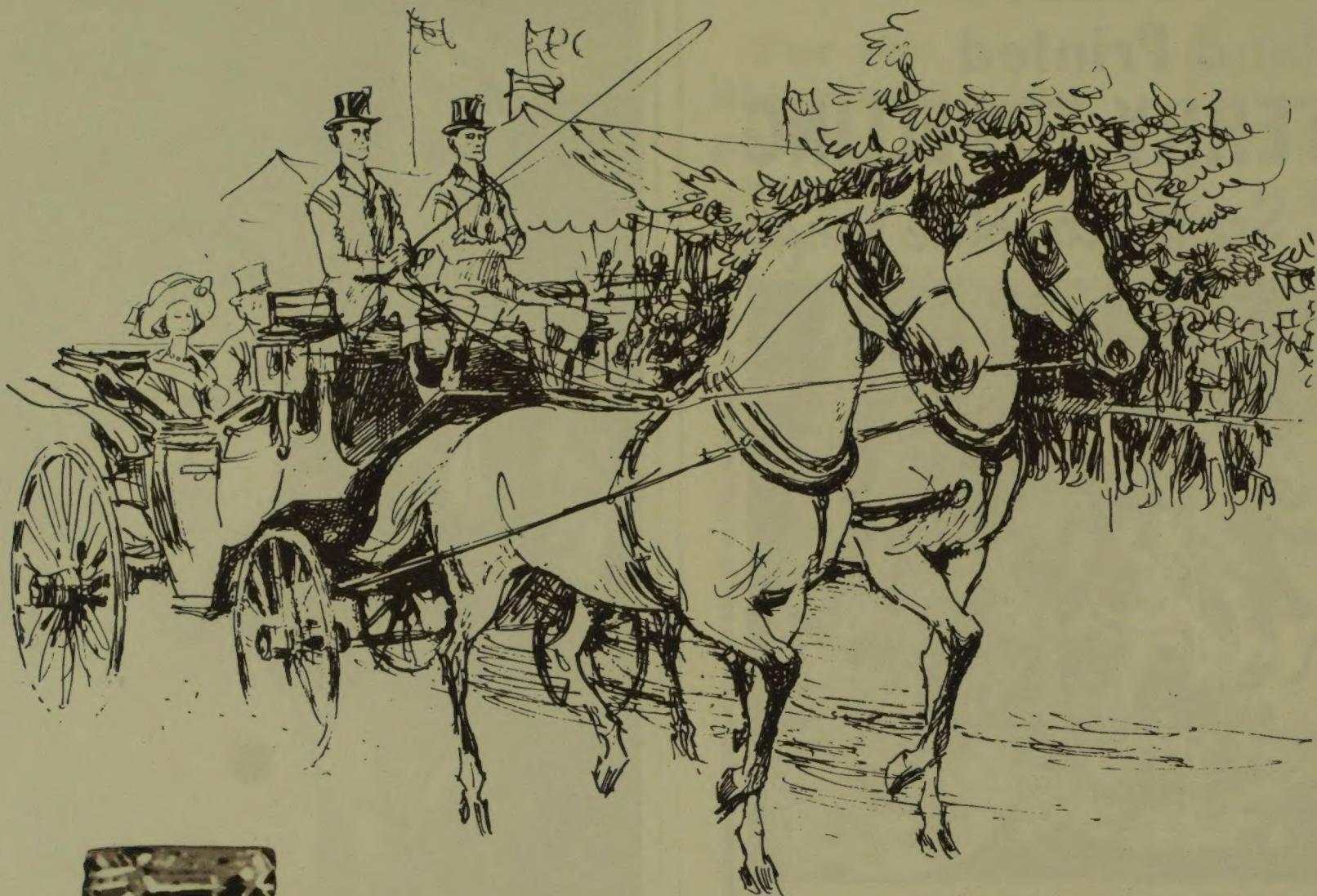
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appreciate **blend 37**

The more particular you are about coffee, the more you will recognise the merits of Nescafé Blend 37. Here are the lively aroma and flavour you look for; here is the inimitable tang achieved only by the authentic "high roast". Allow a teaspoonful of Blend 37 for each cupful and add boiling water for perfect after dinner black coffee. For delicious white coffee, add hot milk to taste. Yes—Blend 37 is easy to make—but it is worthy to be judged, not so much for this advantage, as for its excellence. In the tin with the green band, 4/6 and 8/9.

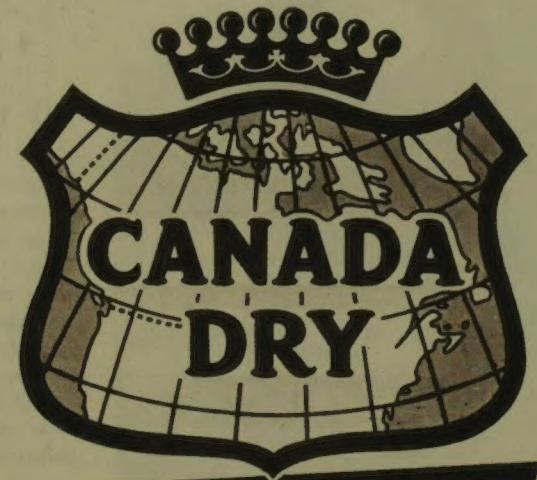
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Canada Dry Ginger Ale has the generous quality of enhancing the virtues of its companion. You find you're enjoying your whisky in a new and even more agreeable way—with Canada Dry.



Ginger Ale

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OF GINGER ALES

Also Soda Water: with Gin,
of course, there's Bitter Lemon or Tonic



**The best
bargain
of his life**

This is the story of Mijnheer J. A. J. Verwer, a Dutch businessman who runs a transport business. Back in February 1944 you couldn't buy new vehicles—there weren't any. But Mijnheer Verwer urgently needed one. So he went to a second-hand car dealer and took a close look at what he had. There

wasn't much choice, and, to put it mildly, the trucks for sale were pretty old. But Mijnheer Verwer could not afford to be choosey; he had to have a truck in order to keep going what was left of his business. So he drew a mental shutter over his eyes and bought a four-wheeled, ten-year-old "gentleman," which had logged more than 375,000 miles.

Intending to drive the old fellow with only the utmost care, Mijnheer Verwer hoped that with a bit of luck, the old truck would give him a year of service. One year later it still hadn't broken down, so the optimistic Dutchman hoped that he might get yet another year's work out of the truck.

He knew that this was not very likely since it ran several hundred miles each week.

All this happened 15 years ago, and the good old contraption has apparently got so used to carrying eggs and butter into town every day that it doesn't want to make up its mind to finally break down. By now this truck has run 1,328,000 miles, and Mijnheer Verwer is ready any time to swear that this was the best bargain of his life.

To-morrow morning this venerable Mercedes-Benz truck, still with its very first engine, will rattle off again through the streets at 50 m.p.h., simply because it hates the idea of going out of business and stopping for ever.

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All Mercedes-Benz vehicles
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SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1959.



DURING TESTS : THE MARTIN P6M-2 SEAMASTER JET SEAPLANE, FOR ANTI-SUBMARINE WARFARE TRIALS.

The Martin Company announced on March 3 that flight tests had begun with the first production-line *P6M-2 SeaMaster* at Baltimore. The new *P6M-2* is the first of eight 600-m.p.h. seaplanes which will form a United States fleet operating squadron to test jet seaplanes for anti-submarine warfare, photo-reconnaissance and other operations. Fitted with four Pratt and Whitney J-75 turbojet engines, the *P6M-2* is said to be able to penetrate enemy territory

at top speeds beneath the screens of radar, and is officially described as an aircraft of considerable versatility, which can refuel from submarines and deliver mines or other weapons on targets far from its mobile base of operation. The *SeaMaster* is also described as "the world's sole high-speed attack seaplane in the category of seapower." The squadron for testing this type of aircraft is to be established at the Naval Air Station, Harvey Point, North Carolina.

Postage—Inland, 4d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

MR. MACMILLAN has returned from Moscow, bringing, if not peace, a modest hope of it, and bringing also, on his own account and Britain's, honour. He had, as was only to be expected, an exceedingly hard passage, for the circumstances of his visit were not wholly dissimilar to those which faced Neville Chamberlain when he made his spectacular flight for peace to Berchtesgaden. Forceful dictators unused to contradiction and in the full flush of armed power are not easy table fellows for parliamentary statesmen whose brief and uncertain tenure of office is dependent on the will of pacific electorates with an incorrigible disposition to under-insure against the risks of aggression and war. But Mr. Macmillan emerged from his ordeal with flying colours. He behaved himself, at times under most exhausting and discouraging circumstances, with unfailing dignity, good sense and courage. He stood his ground manfully but did so with courtesy, patience and cheerfulness. By doing so he clearly won the respect and goodwill of the Russian people and the Russian leaders. He made it abundantly clear to everyone what he had come for: that he and the nation he represented wanted peace and understanding and would spare no trouble to obtain it if it could be had without yielding to force or betraying their friends which, as he made clear, under no circumstances would they do. And in the end, though faced at more than one moment of his visit by almost certain failure, through his persistence and courage he achieved something not far short of a triumph. It remains to be seen whether he can follow up his success and prevail with others on both sides of the Iron Curtain to behave and continue to behave with the same good sense and firm belief in the necessity and possibility of understanding and negotiation in the critical and difficult months ahead. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast" and we are all prone to wishful thinking, but my own belief is that if Mr. Macmillan's health and life are spared he will pull it off. If he does so he will have earned, and richly earned, a place in history.

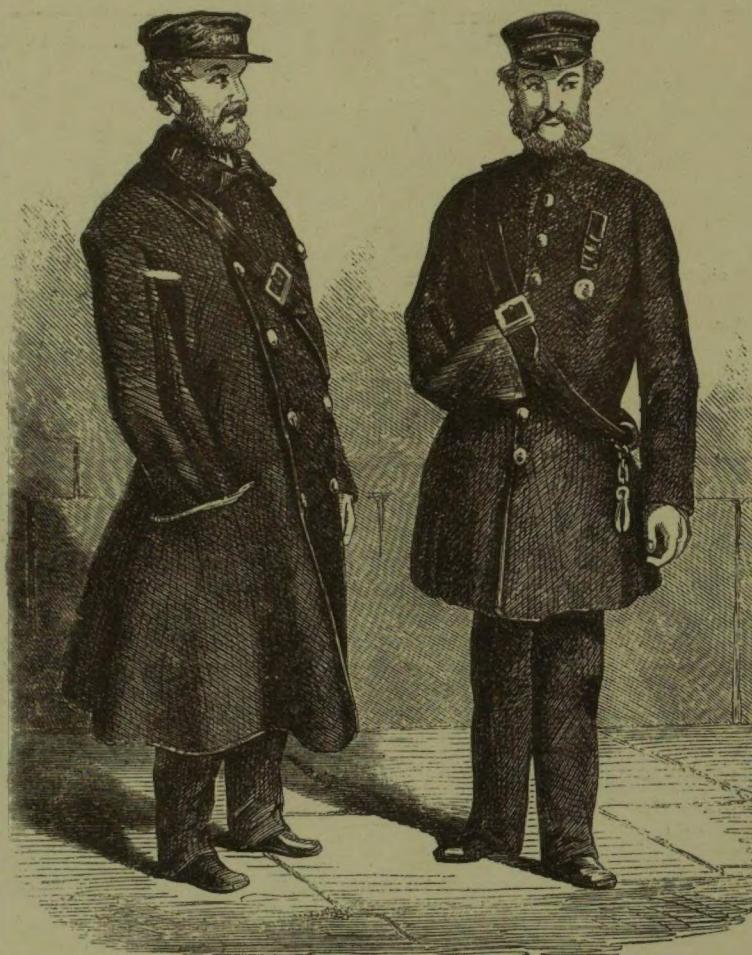
The key to the purpose of Mr. Macmillan's Russian journey—and much of its virtue lay, as in all major political programmes, in its simplicity—was to impress on everyone that peace and the future well-being of mankind were dependent on the readiness of those who exercised national power to seek and find understanding through negotiation. In every public utterance he made throughout his visit, even at its bleakest moments, he reiterated this theme. He asked for nothing more and from the start admitted frankly that at this stage nothing more could be expected. But, with that given, everything might in the end be achieved. The final joint *communiqué*, signed by the Prime Ministers of Russia and Great Britain, accepted and embodied this thesis, Mr. Macmillan's theme-song. They had been unable, they said, to agree about the juridical and political aspects of the outstanding problems involved but they had been able to agree that these acute East-West differences should be settled in negotiation. Settled, that is, at the conference table and not on the battlefield.

No one with the least sense of reality expects the Russian Communist leaders to be anything but extremely tough and stubborn negotiators. No one with any knowledge of history could expect the Russian people to be anything but the most courageous and tenacious soldiers on the battlefield. What it is to the interest of every human being, both living and unborn, to ensure, is that the field in which we and our allies have to contend with the Russians and theirs is that of the conference

that agreement by negotiation, however difficult, is infinitely preferable to war, the threat of force and the fear of surrendering to force should gradually be removed. It will be a slow and difficult process, but one infinitely worth pursuing. For the alternative is unthinkable calamity—the destruction of all that we and the Russians and all the peoples of earth most value and desire.

For this reason I believe that we in the West, and in Britain in particular—for we have a right to be heard in this matter, in Washington as much as in Moscow—should consider very carefully what it is that we want before we define the fundamentals on which we cannot yield. We cannot abandon the liberties and right to democratic self-government of the brave people of Berlin or surrender the Occupation treaty rights of ourselves and our allies—and to secure which so many gave their lives—without shame and ultimate disaster. But do we want the unity of Germany, at any rate of Germany as an armed or potentially armed State? Remembering what in its brief existence of three-quarters of a century a united Germany did with that unity and the armies it created and maintained for domination and conquest, I for one feel it would be wrong for us to try to impose German reunion on an ex-ally who twice in my lifetime has fought valiantly beside us to resist a German bid to dragoon Europe by force and has twice suffered terrible havoc at the hands of German invading armies as a result. Naturally to a German, German reunification must seem a desirable object, and no German can be blamed for wanting it. But why should it seem a good thing to a Russian or a Frenchman, to a Pole or a Belgian or a Czech or a Dutchman, or, for that matter, to a Briton? Hundreds of thousands of our peoples who should be alive to-day are dead because a united Germany twice in a quarter of a century took the conqueror's road, while the accumulated wealth which when I was a boy gave us power and security has been almost entirely expended in the task of halting the massed hordes of the united German Reich on their march to world dominion. And the old European polity and civilisation—the result of centuries of Christian growth and evolution—has been smashed to pieces on the altar of German militarism. Viewed by results, January 1, 1871, was the blackest day in European history since the Dark Ages, and any statesman, British or American, who believed that we ought to ensure its recurrence at the expense of armed conflict with Russia would seem to me to be lacking

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: A REPRODUCTION FROM THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS OF MARCH 12, 1859.



AN ILLUSTRATION OF TWO COMMISSIONAIRES WHICH APPEARED SHORTLY AFTER THE CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES FIRST COMMENCED THEIR DUTIES.

The Corps of Commissionaires was founded in 1859, and in honour of the centenary the Queen will inspect a contingent of the Corps at Buckingham Palace on May 13. The Corps started off with eight members and now numbers 4600, the founder of this worthy institution being Captain Sir Edward Walter. Commissionaires are drawn mainly from the Army, although all branches of the fighting forces are eligible, and the Corps was founded to provide a responsible set of men, stationed in the principal streets of London, who would be available for delivering messages or parcels, for holding a horse or executing other commissions. They were selected at first from men who had lost an arm, their pensions, forfeited in case of misconduct, providing a guarantee to the employer. To-day, Commissionaires perform a wide variety of duties, and have divisional headquarters in the provincial cities, while similar organisations have subsequently been established both in Britain and the Commonwealth.

table and not of war and that, abhorring the latter and realising that there is only one alternative to it, it is the business of those taking part to ensure that agreement is achieved. If everyone concerned can only come to the conference table in that spirit it will be. One thing that is essential is that both sides should abandon the rigid conviction that has grown out of the Cold War that to yield anything to the other must be *ipso facto* a mistake since any form of yielding would in reality be a surrender to force or the threat of force. Mr. Macmillan's formula, if generally and genuinely accepted, will have gone far to make that sterile attitude unnecessary. For if both sides recognise

both in historical and common sense. The day may come when all Europeans will feel that German unity has ceased to have any dangers to them, but that day has not come yet and I do not see how we can reasonably expect it to have done. If I lived in Smolensk or Warsaw, Verdun, Louvain or Belgrade I should feel that the Teuton cry of "One Folk, one Fatherland, one Leader" was strongly lacking in appeal. Living in London and remembering the Zeppelins and Stukas, the Dorniers and flying-bombs, I can't say I find it has much! It certainly doesn't seem to me worth while to drift into another war for the sake of hearing it chanted again.

IN SARAWAK, BRUNEI AND NORTH BORNEO: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S TOUR.



WHILE DAYAK NOTABLES IN TRADITIONAL DRESS—EXCEPT FOR THE WESTERN SHOES OF ONE—LOOK ON, PRINCE PHILIP DRINKS RICE WINE ON ARRIVAL AT KUCHING.



COMELY DAYAK GIRLS IN THEIR TRADITIONAL COSTUME WAITING TO GREET PRINCE PHILIP WHEN HE ARRIVED AT KUCHING, 18 MILES UP THE SARAWAK RIVER.



WATCHING THE SORTING OF DRIED PRAWNS: THE DUKE AT THE DISPLAY STAGED AT JESSELTON, NORTH BORNEO, TO PORTRAY THE CHARACTER OF THE COLONY.



AT JESSELTON: THE DUKE WATCHING A NATIVE BOY SHOOTING WITH THE BLOWPIPE AT A STUFFED MONKEY TARGET IN THE BRANCHES OF A TREE.



PRINCE PHILIP EXAMINING THE NATIVE BLOWPIPE, COMPLETE WITH DARTS, WHICH HAD JUST BEEN PRESENTED TO HIM BY A MURUT CHIEFTAIN AT JESSELTON.



WEARING A WHITE OIL-WORKER'S HELMET, THE DUKE VISITED THE SERIA OILFIELDS, WHICH HAVE ENORMOUSLY INCREASED THE WEALTH OF BRUNEI.



THE DUKE EXAMINING THE PRESENT HE HAD JUST RECEIVED FROM THE SULTAN OF BRUNEI (RIGHT), SIR OMAR ALI SAIFUDDIN WASA'DUL KHAIRI WADDIN.

On February 26 the Royal yacht *Britannia* brought the Duke of Edinburgh to the great island of Borneo for visits to Sarawak, Brunei and North Borneo. On the first day he sailed in a Royal barge up the river to Kuching, where he had a colourful welcome from Sea Dayaks, Land Dayaks, Malays and Chinese. On February 27 he flew along the coast to Sibu, where warriors and comely girls of the Sea Dayaks greeted him. On February 28 he reached

the State of Brunei and visited the Seria oilfields, which have given Brunei a favourable trade balance of 230,000,000 dollars a year. On March 1 he was in Jesselton, North Borneo, where there was staged a most elaborate display designed to show him a portrait of the colony and all the multifarious and colourful activities of the numerous races of the area. On March 2 he sailed in H.M.Y. *Britannia* from Sandakan for Hong Kong.

IN NYASALAND: SECURITY PATROLS.



PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES IN NYASALAND: AFRICAN TROOPS FORMING A ROAD BLOCK WITH MILITARY LORRIES IN ORDER TO ISOLATE AREAS WHERE RIOTING HAS OCCURRED.



MOBILISED ON THE DECLARATION OF A STATE OF EMERGENCY IN NYASALAND: TERRITORIALS OF THE ROYAL RHODESIA REGIMENT ABOUT TO PATROL A DISTURBED AREA.



IN BLANTYRE: A PICKET OF THE SECURITY FORCES WATCHES OVER AFRICANS ON THE WAY TO WORK IN ORDER TO PREVENT INTIMIDATION.

ON March 3 Sir Robert Armitage, the Governor of Nyasaland, declared a state of emergency and later Dr. Hastings Banda, leader of the Nyasaland African Congress, was arrested and, with other members of the Congress, was taken by air to another part of the Federation. On the same day Mr. Lennox-Boyd stated in the House of Commons: "Some days ago information had come to the notice of Sir Robert Armitage . . . That information made it clear that plans had been made by Congress to carry out widespread violence and the murder of Europeans, Asians and moderate African leaders. In fact, a massacre was being planned." On March 7 it was reported that the 1st Battalion, The King's Own Royal Regiment, stationed in Gilgil, near Nairobi, Kenya, had been placed at six hours' notice and put at the disposal of the Government of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF SOUTH AMERICA.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, accompanied by Princess Alexandra of Kent, arrived by air in Lima, Peru, on February 22, from Merida, Mexico. At the airport their Royal Highnesses inspected a guard of honour mounted by the Junun Hussar Regiment and were received by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Señor Raul Porras. On February 23 their Royal Highnesses drove to the Government Palace where President Manuel Prado presented them with the Grand Cross of Diamonds of the Order of the Sun and the Duchess presented the President with the insignia of the G.C.M.G. On February 27 the Mayor of Cuzco flew to Lima bringing with him a large silver carved mace as a present for the Duchess and a set of hand-embroidered Inca Indian robes for Princess Alexandra. The visit to Peru ended on March 2 with a civic ceremony at the city hall in Lima.



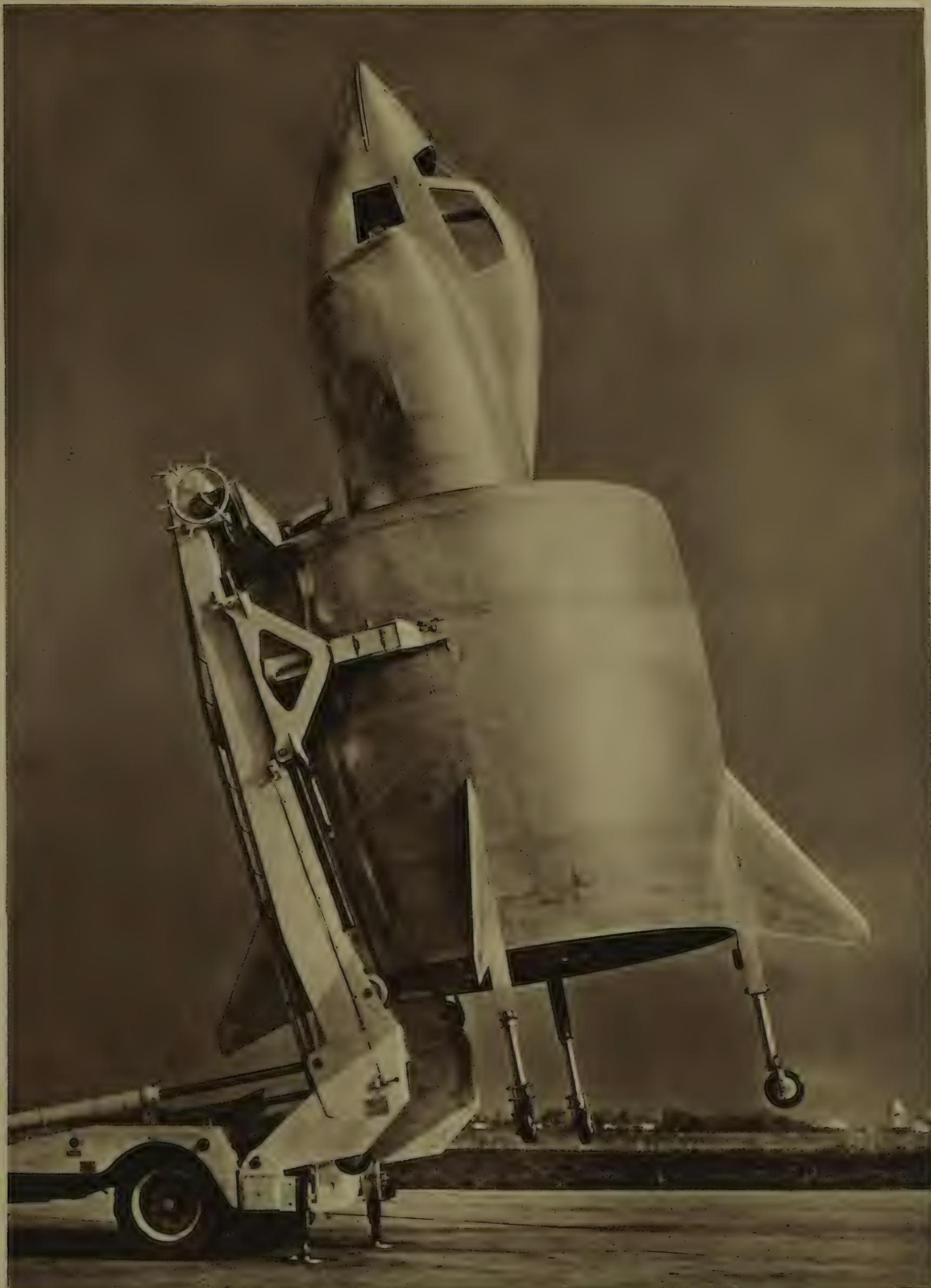
INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR AT LIMA AIRPORT: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT ON ARRIVAL IN PERU FOR THE SECOND STAGE OF HER LATIN AMERICAN TOUR.



WEARING A YUCATAN SOMBRERO DURING A VISIT TO THE MAYAN RUINS OF CHICHEN-ITZA: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT IN MEXICO.



WEARING A HAND-EMBROIDERED INCA INDIAN DRESS PRESENTED BY THE CITY OF CUZCO: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT IN LIMA, PERU.



A STRANGE-LOOKING VERTICAL-TAKE-OFF AIRCRAFT, SEEN BEFORE TESTING RECENTLY: THE FRENCH COLEOPTERE.

The *Coléoptère* is a prototype research aircraft which has been constructed by the French company, SNECMA, following their tests with the *Atar Volant*. The tests with the *Atar Volant* proved that it was possible to use a vertically-mounted turbojet to raise a vertical-take-off and landing aircraft safely from the ground, to accelerate it in vertical flight until it reached a speed at which it can become airborne like a conventional aircraft, and to bring it back to the ground in a vertical descent. The C.45C-CI

Coléoptère is basically similar to the *Atar Volant*, with a tilting seat inside an enclosed cockpit, but is fitted with an annular wing for the transition into horizontal flight. SNECMA, the Société Nationale d'Etude et de Construction de Moteurs d'Aviation, has acquired the European rights in Professor von Zborowski's patents for the annular-wing type of aircraft, and the Federal German Ministry of Defence is collaborating with SNECMA in their research programme for these aircraft.

IN a speech made during our Prime Minister's visit to Russia Mr. Mikoyan used as a simile Russian methods of serving a dinner. He descended upon the proper sequence of sweet and sharp dishes in criticising the sequence of Mr. Macmillan's proposals. One might say that the whole visit could be symbolised in these terms. It started with excessive sweetness, as it might be the melon buried in sugar, switched abruptly to a dish not merely sharp but soaked in vinegar, and ended with at least the hint of a return to sweetness. This did not represent the succession of dishes which, Mr. Mikoyan told us, pleased the Russian palate, but was rather truer to Russian diplomatic methods as practised by Mr. Khrushchev and, indeed, to some extent by himself.

All was honey at the immediate start. Then came Mr. Khrushchev's astonishing speech of February 24. In its course he rejected out of hand Mr. Macmillan's proposals for a Foreign Ministers' Conference on Germany and demanded a "Summit" conference. He proposed a pact of non-aggression with Britain, springing this upon his visitor without prior consultation and knowing that in this form it would be embarrassing. He rejected the proposals for inspection on both sides to make practicable a ban on nuclear tests. The timing was, of course, far more significant than the content of the speech. The majority of onlookers and commentators thought that the high hopes—often unjustifiably high—based on the visit could be written off.

The background was in keeping: vulgar facetiousness at the expense of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd on a social occasion, and the underground conveyance of a misleading account of the talks to, of all agencies, the World Peace Bureau. What followed was equally uncomfortable. On the Thursday a sudden attack of diplomatic toothache stopped Mr. Khrushchev from accompanying Mr. Macmillan on his visit to Kiev. This confirmed the belief that the whole thing was dead. Next day was the occasion of the speech by Mr. Mikoyan already referred to. In this he strongly criticised Mr. Macmillan's methods, but it must be added that he exercised a certain restraint and was as well-mannered as he has in the past usually shown himself to be.

At this stage prospects looked up a little. Against all expectation Mr. Mikoyan met the British visitors at Leningrad, and for the brief remainder of their stay the atmosphere was notably better. The Prime Minister kept not only his temper but his head. He was placed in an undignified position, but only for a moment, because he never lost his dignity. All agree that he looked tired, but no one has suggested that he was in the slightest degree rattled. His performance on the Russian television was excellent, so far as one can judge from reading his words. His reception by the Opposition Front Bench, at a moment when tempers were strained by other matters, was evidence of the success he had achieved.

In my summary of events the last item is the Russian Note of March 2. It emphasises that the Soviet Government wants a Summit Conference, rather than one of Foreign Ministers. On the other hand, it is prepared to hold a Foreign Ministers' Conference afterwards. It even goes

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE SWEET AND THE BITTER IN RUSSIA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

further, and in this respect differs from Mr. Khrushchev's speech. "If the Governments of the Western Powers," the passage runs, "are not yet ready to take part in a Summit Conference, the Soviet Government considers that, in order to consider the problem of a peace treaty with Germany and the question of Western Berlin, a conference of the Foreign Ministers of the U.S.S.R., Great Britain, the United States, France, Poland, and Czechoslovakia should be summoned." In general, this must be accounted an advance, which might prove to be one of importance.



THE TOMB OF SIR GEORGE SOMERS, FOUNDING FATHER OF BERMUDA, WHOSE WRECKED FLAGSHIP, *SEA VENTURE* (WHICH WAS RUN AGROUND OFF BERMUDA IN 1609), HAS RECENTLY BEEN IDENTIFIED ON THE SEA-BOTTOM.

Elsewhere in this issue we report the finding and identification as *Sea Venture* of a seventeenth-century ship in coral reefs off Bermuda. *Sea Venture* was the flagship of Admiral Sir George Somers, which was leading a fleet of nine vessels with supplies for the starving colonists in Virginia. It was separated from the fleet in a storm and eventually grounded on reefs off Bermuda on July 28, 1609—350 years ago—and so led to the founding of the colony of Bermuda. Sir George Somers died soon after and his heart was interred near this monument, now located in a small garden in the centre of the old town of St. George. The discovery of *Sea Venture* comes well with this oldest of colonies' 350th anniversary and has the additional interest that the story of the original wreck is believed to have suggested the plot of Shakespeare's last play, "The Tempest."

To turn now to the far from easy task of interpretation, the first point at least is not in doubt. I wrote here a long time ago that the issue on which Soviet Russia would be readiest to go to war was that of the emergence of a reunited and armed Germany. I may have made many mistakes on problems of this sort, but I do not think I did so in this case. Is there any prospect of avoiding this danger short of some form of military disengagement? If not, it is as well to remember that proposals in this sense came from the British Government at an early stage in the discussions. Whatever the provisos of the Government of the

Federal Republic of Germany, the principle cannot be ruled out of account.

The second conclusion is that only a Summit Conference can effect anything that is worth while. It would, in any case, have to be summoned for the decisions, but its importance is heightened by that of Mr. Khrushchev. It is he who matters; no one else does, hardly at this stage even Mr. Mikoyan, and the Foreign Minister not at all. Mr. Khrushchev is clearly determined to keep everything in his own hands. Perhaps, as he said to Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, he does indeed consider Foreign Ministers to be useless. Another consideration is that, in a Foreign Ministers' Conference, though he could keep decisions under his own control, his arguments might be revealed before he had the opportunity to put them forward and thus rendered less effective. His prestige depends on his power to "boss the show," and he will try his utmost to do this.

Among the more obvious aims is that of destroying the Western Berlin "show-case," which is a fine advertisement for the results of co-operation with the Western Powers, just as Eastern Berlin is a wretched one for those of close friendship with the Soviet Union. The final significance of Mr. Khrushchev's German policy may be that he desires to make his military position even stronger than it is to-day, by drawing his defences back a little, but at the same time making them virtually unassailable by any form of attack other than nuclear war, and proceeding with the welcome and so far fairly successful aim of spreading Communist doctrine and establishing Communist or fellow-travelling régimes and communities in Asia and Africa. He could claim that, as he said in Germany last week, his motto was "Peace, Peace," but it would be one of his own sort.

We have got to fight our own war of ideologies. We cannot shirk it by refusing to consider a policy which would render military peace better assured. If such a policy can be brought to a successful issue, the disadvantages which it might bring on the ideological front ought to be accepted. Indeed, there can be no doubt that it would be by the British Government. But disengagement and Western Berlin are not quite the same problem. In the latter case consideration must be given to the question of deserting friends, some of whom have deeply committed themselves by their dealings with the Governments represented in Western Berlin by small armed forces. This is an agonising question, and how it is to be answered honourably, while at the same time the forces are withdrawn, I cannot see. Those who slide over the difficulty are not honest.

What is going to happen in the last week of May is a matter of the utmost gravity. It is certainly not clear that Mr. Khrushchev has shown himself to be in the mood to risk a war, but, on the other hand, he seems to be ready to step to the very brink. It is a long time since the relations between Russia and the West have been as dangerous as they look to-day, with a potential crisis of the first magnitude only eleven weeks ahead. Differences between the United Kingdom and the United States, France, and the Federal Republic may complicate the issue. Some brighter aspects may appear before these words, but as they are written no thinking person can avoid feeling serious anxiety about the near future.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



FRANCE. GENERAL DE GAULLE AND DR. ADENAUER AT MARLY-LE-ROI, WHERE THEY MET RECENTLY FOR DISCUSSIONS.

General de Gaulle and Dr. Adenauer met for private discussions at Marly-le-Roi, a few miles west of Paris, on March 4. They were reported as having discussed the Berlin and German questions. It was their third meeting in six months, closely following Mr. Macmillan's visit to Russia.



EAST GERMANY. MR. KHRUSHCHEV HELPING HERR GROTEWOHL ON TO THE SPUTNIK STAND AT LEIPZIG TRADE FAIR.

During his visit to East Germany, Mr. Khrushchev visited the international trade fair at Leipzig on March 5, where he is seen (above) assisting the East German Premier, while behind him is Herr Ulbricht, the East German Communist Party leader.



UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC. PRESIDENT TITO, WITH PRESIDENT NASSER, DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO EGYPT AND SYRIA.

Towards the end of his three-month tour through South-East Asia and the Middle East, President Tito visited the United Arab Republic, arriving at Suez on February 20. He accompanied President Nasser to Damascus for celebrations of the first anniversary of the Republic.



GREECE. DURING HIS VISIT: PRESIDENT TITO WITH MR. KARAMANLIS, RIGHT, THE GREEK PRIME MINISTER.

After leaving the United Arab Republic, President Tito arrived in the island of Rhodes on March 2 for talks with the Greek Prime Minister, Mr. Karamanlis, and the Foreign Minister, Mr. Averoff. Marshal Tito was accompanied by his wife.



JORDAN. KING HUSSEIN PHOTOGRAPHED RECENTLY WHEN HE OPENED THE NEW AMMAN BROADCASTING STATION, WHICH HAS TAKEN OVER PROGRAMMES FORMERLY BROADCAST BY RAMALLAH STATION.

King Hussein, who recently opened the new radio station at Amman, left Jordan by air on March 8 at the beginning of his world tour, which is to take him to the Far East, to the United States and to Britain. His tour was to last about six weeks.



ETHIOPIA. THE GREEK ROYAL VISIT: KING PAUL AND THE EMPEROR LEAVING TRINITY CATHEDRAL, ADDIS ABABA, AFTER A SERVICE.

At the opening of their week's visit to Ethiopia, which began on Feb. 28, King Paul of the Hellenes and Queen Frederika attended a service in the Ethiopian Orthodox Trinity Cathedral, accompanied by Haile Selassie, the Emperor, and the Empress.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



WISCONSIN, U.S.A. A HOSPITAL BED, ENABLING THE PATIENT TO BE TURNED OVER WITHOUT MOVEMENT ON HIS PART, BEING DEMONSTRATED AT A HOSPITAL IN MILWAUKEE. This bed was flown to a hospital in Milwaukee for the treatment of a man burned in an explosion, and is being demonstrated at St. Francis' Hospital, Milwaukee, by members of the hospital staff. It enables patients to be turned over, with the minimum of contact, during treatment.



BOLIVIA. ENRAGED BOLIVIAN DEMONSTRATORS BURNING A COPY OF TIME MAGAZINE IN FRONT OF THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY IN LA PAZ.

Following the publication of an issue of the American magazine *Time*, in which appeared disparaging remarks about Bolivia, crowds of Bolivians demonstrated angrily in La Paz, stoning the U.S. Embassy. The *Time* article commented outspokenly on the apparent waste of American aid to Bolivia.



SOUTHERN RHODESIA. THE FEDERATION'S TALLEST BUILDING, PEARL ASSURANCE HOUSE, SALISBURY, WHICH WAS RECENTLY OPENED BY SIR ROY WELENSKY. The eighteen-storey Pearl Assurance House, which stands 215 ft. above the pavement and to which is to be added a 75-ft. tower on the upper roof, was opened by the Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland on March 6.



MALTA. A FIRE AND, RIGHT, RIOTERS ROUNDED UP BY POLICE DURING THE DISTURBANCES AT MALTA DOCKYARD FOLLOWING AN ADMIRALTY DISMISSAL NOTICE.

Rioting broke out in Malta Dockyard on February 27 after the Admiralty informed 6000 dock workers that it could no longer employ them after March 29, although the Bailey company, which is taking over the dockyard, could offer them jobs.



MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A. FIVE ALMOST NAKED CONVICTS LED AWAY BY GUARDS ON MARCH 7 AT THE STATE PRISON, WALPOLE, AS AN ESCAPE BID ENDED IN FAILURE. PRISONERS HELD GUARDS HOSTAGE FOR SEVERAL HOURS BEFORE SURRENDERING. THERE WERE NO SERIOUS CASUALTIES.



BELGIUM. A SIT-DOWN STRIKE OF BELGIANS WHO WORK IN FRANCE AND RECENTLY DEMANDED A PAY INCREASE FOLLOWING DEVALUATION OF THE FRANC.

Belgians living at Menin, near the French frontier, who cross over into France to work, recently staged a sit-down strike. They were demanding a substantial pay increase following the devaluation of the French franc. The photograph shows a group of workers sitting in a Menin street.



ARKANSAS, U.S.A. AFTER THE FIRE ON MARCH 5 IN A DORMITORY AT THE ARKANSAS STATE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NEGRO BOYS AT WRIGHTSVILLE, NEAR LITTLE ROCK, IN WHICH TWENTY-ONE DIED AND FORTY-SEVEN ESCAPED: THE SCENE AMONG THE SMOKING RUINS.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



BROUGHT UP BY A DIVER FROM THE WRECK NOW IDENTIFIED AS SIR GEORGE SOMERS' *SEA VENTURE* (1609): A CORAL-ENCRUSTED VASE, OF GERMAN ORIGIN, OF ABOUT 1580.



AMONG THE SMALLER OBJECTS SO FAR RECOVERED IS THIS CORAL-COVERED FINIAL TOP SPOON, OF THE EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING OBJECTS RECOVERED FROM *SEA VENTURE*: A FINE GERMAN STONWARE BELLARMINE JUG, OF A TYPE COMMON IN 1540-80.

BERMUDA: SEA VENTURE FOUND AND IDENTIFIED.

THE story of the wreck of Sir George Somers' flagship *Sea Venture* in July, 1609, which resulted in the founding of the Bermuda colony (and, incidentally, in the writing of Shakespeare's play "The Tempest") is told on another page. In October last, Mr. Edmund Downing, [Continued below.]

(Right)
THE WELL-KNOWN BERMUDA DIVER TEDDY TUCKER, 30 FT. DOWN AND STANDING OVER THE KEEL LINE OF *SEA VENTURE*. BESIDE THE HOLE LIES FLINT BALLAST.



FOUND IN PERFECT CONDITION, FROM BEING SEALED BY CORAL IN THE CANNON (SHOWN BOTTOM LEFT): A CANNON BALL, FLAXEN WADDING AND WOODEN PLUGS.



AN EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPH, SHOWING THE CANNON AS FOUND, WITH BRAIN CORAL ON THE UPPER PART. SEE ALSO THE RIGHT CENTRE PHOTOGRAPH, ABOVE.



ANOTHER EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE CANNON BEING RAISED FROM THE SEA, AFTER BEING RELEASED FROM THE CORAL BY THE DIVERS.

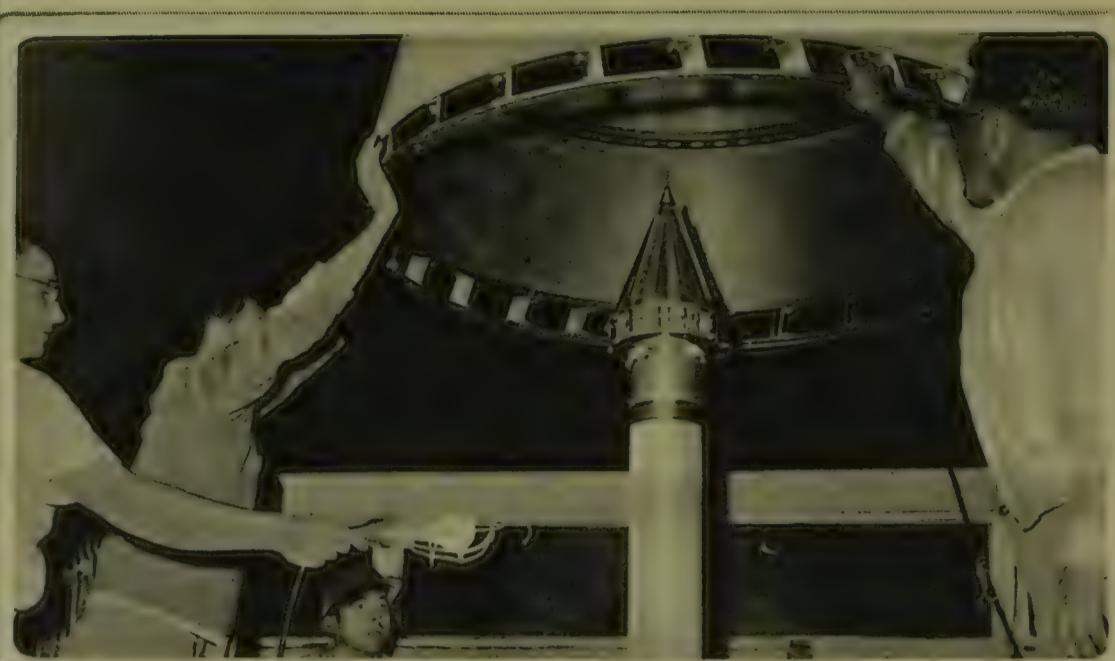


CLEANING THE CANNON REVEALS "FT" AND "RP" — I.E. "RICHARD PHILLIPS FECIT." PHILLIPS WORKED IN LONDON IN THE LATE 16th CENTURY.

Continued.] an American working in Bermuda and an enthusiastic skin-diver, found the remains of an old ship wedged in coral at about 30 ft. down near Sea Venture Flats off the east coast of Bermuda. He was convinced that he had discovered the remains of *Sea Venture* and he was joined in his explorations by Mr. Teddy Tucker, Bermuda's leading authority on marine salvage, who, it will be recalled, found the treasure of the Spanish galleon which was reported in our issue of January 21, 1956, and illustrated in

colour in that of April 21 the same year. Among the objects they found were a large cannon, some eighty cannon balls, spike shot and expanding bar shot, a Bellarmine jug, other items illustrated above, patches of lead and sheathing, bolts and spikes. It is now definitely stated that the wreck is indeed that of *Sea Venture*, on the basis of all the circumstantial evidence. Plans are being discussed for raising the remnants, treating them with preservative and setting them up in a special museum in St. George.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



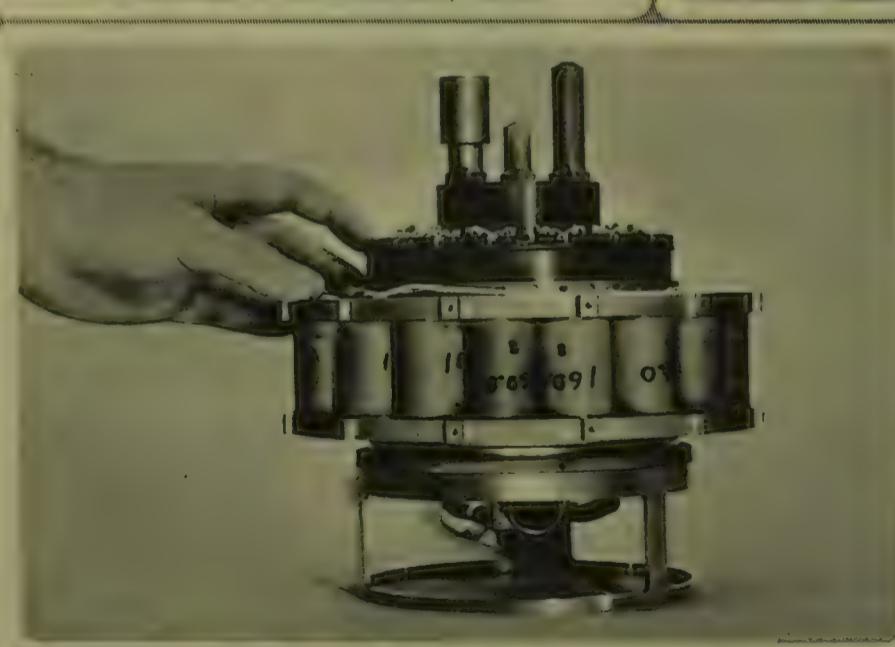
(L-R.)
IN READINESS FOR THE SUN'S ORBIT:
AMERICA'S JUNO II ROCKET AT CAPE CANA-
VERAL. A SMALL PAYLOAD IN THE NOSE
CONE (ABOVE) MAY NOW BE SUCCESSFULLY
IN ORBIT ROUND THE SUN. IT IS A TINY
GOLD-PLATED CAPSULE, PIONEER IV.



THE UPPER STAGE OF THE FOUR-STAGE JUNO II BEING FITTED
BY TECHNICIANS AT CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA.



CARRYING THE 14-LB. GOLD-PLATED SATELLITE PIONEER IV, THE
HUGE JUNO II ROCKET ROARS INTO THE NIGHT SKY.



(Above.)
THE NOSE SECTION OF
JUNO II, SHOWING JET
PROPULSION TECH-
NICIANS FITTING THE
INSTRUMENT PAY-
LOAD. THE ROCKET
WAS LAUNCHED
EARLY ON MARCH 3.

(Left.)
THE INSTRUMENTS
WHICH MAY CIRCLE
THE SUN FOR THE
LIFETIME OF THE
UNIVERSE. THEY
HAVE BEEN SENDING
BACK DATA ON RADIA-
TION.

(Right.)
PIONEER IV, THE
SPINNING GOLD-
PLATED CONE NOW
HURTLING THROUGH
SPACE INTO THE
SUN'S ORBIT, PERHAPS
FOR EVER.



CAPE CANAVERAL, U.S.A. PIONEER IV, WHICH MAY BY NOW HAVE JOINED THE RUSSIAN LUNIK IN ORBIT ROUND THE SUN.

The Russians are no longer alone in probing beyond the moon. Launched successfully from Cape Canaveral early on March 3, the American rocket Juno II rose into the Florida sky with a wake of flames. By breakfast-time listeners to the radio in the U.S.A. could hear a high-pitched note coming from the tiny gold-plated spinning capsule, which was the last of the four parts of the giant rocket. All sections of the rocket had ignited without mishap,

and the 14-lb. capsule was flung into space at a speed of more than 24,890 m.p.h., sufficient to carry it beyond the earth's gravitational pull. For about ninety hours it sent back invaluable data on the radiation which it encountered, and was tracked by the Jodrell Bank radio-telescope. After by-passing the moon, it was expected to go into orbit round the sun, perhaps for the entire lifetime of the universe.



UNDER THE NORTH POLE.

"NAUTILUS 90 NORTH." By CMDR. WILLIAM R. ANDERSON, U.S.N., WITH CLAY BLAIR, JR.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

IT will probably come as a surprise to the average layman to learn that there is a marked difference between the Antarctic and the Arctic regions. The Antarctic area is mostly solid earth covered by ice and snow, and is, in fact, a continent, whereas the Arctic Ocean is an ice-covered body of water five times the size of the Mediterranean. Furthermore, the Arctic ice-pack which covers this ocean is not, as is often supposed, a solid layer of ice, but is composed of large chunks and floes, varying greatly in size and thickness, and there are stretches of open water between them. Finally, this ice-pack is in a state of almost constant motion, and in the winter it reaches far down the coast of Greenland on the east and of the Bering Strait on the west. Under this ice-pack Commander Anderson, of the United States Navy, took the nuclear-powered submarine *Nautilus* in the summer of last year, and so opened a new chapter in naval history.

This particular feat had to wait until the atomic age, for it could only be achieved by a nuclear-propelled underwater craft, for, as Rear-Admiral G. B. H. Fawkes says in his Foreword, "no other submarine can achieve anything approaching such a sustained high speed," and he goes on to point out that the conventional type of vessel must surface, or stick its "snort" breathing tube above water, to enable its diesel engines to recharge the electric batteries. "This slows the submarine down very considerably, and, where there is ice, is obviously impossible." Of *Nautilus* herself the joint-authors write :

Nautilus is quite large as submarines go. She measures 320 ft. from bow to stern, and 28 ft. in diameter. Since she does not carry a large battery nor a great volume of Diesel fuel, which on conventional submarines occupy nearly half the total space inside the hull, it is possible to devote more room to living accommodation.

The Wardroom, for example, is nearly four times the size of the Wardroom on conventional submarines. The Crew's Mess is, relatively, huge. Thirty-six men can be fed at one time, and in a matter of five minutes the Mess compartment can be converted to a movie theatre for fifty people.

She burns only a minute quantity of fuel, for it must be remembered that a pound of uranium is equal to tens of thousands of gallons of conventional submarine diesel oil.

On the evidence of these pages the idea of a nuclear-propelled submarine seems to have emanated from the brain of Rear-Admiral H. G. Rickover, who recalls the figure of Jackie Fisher of the British Navy. Clearly Commander Anderson has a respect for this extraordinary man which borders on idolatry, for his name keeps on appearing throughout the book :

Admiral Rickover is frequently pictured as an impatient, ruthless, tough-minded intellectual, who believes that the shortest distance between two points is a line that bisects six admirals. I have seen him like that. He is that way when some "super-efficient administrator" raises some nit-picking point that might delay one of his projects, or when, as frequently happens, someone in one of the bureaux jumps on one of his men. In private, I found Rickover, after I came

to know him, one of the most gentle, warm-hearted, and unselfish men I have ever met. And one with a keen sense of humour, too.

With such inspiration from above Commander Anderson duly trained his crew, and carried out the necessary tests, against the day when his orders would be to discover the North-West Passage, but this time under the ice. Not the least of his difficulties was that the thickness of this ice was on occasion over 60 ft., and such a state of affairs often left very little water between the ice and the ocean bed; particularly was this the case in the Bering Strait. In the end it was from Seattle, Washington, that the momentous voyage was made in June 1958, when *Nautilus* received instructions to make for Portland, in Dorset, by way of the polar pack and the North Pole—instructions which were successfully carried out. When Commander Anderson and his crew reached the Pole it is not uninteresting to record that the temperature of the water was 32.4 degrees Fahrenheit, and the depth of the sea was 13,410 ft.

stretches in the ice such as those which Commander Anderson had reconnoitred. In the Admiral's view, "Because it is able to hide and even lie still against sonar, the atomic missile submarine cannot be easily traced by the enemy. Search radar would be helpless against it. The enemy would be in the position of trying to find a black cat on a vast and empty plain on a moonless and starless night."



COMMANDER ANDERSON, U.S.N., THE AUTHOR—WITH CLAY BLAIR, JR., OF "NAUTILUS 90 NORTH."

Commander William R. Anderson was born in 1921, graduating from Columbia Military Academy, Columbia, Tennessee, in 1938 and from the U.S. Naval Academy in 1942. He served in submarines during and after the war, taking command of *Nautilus* in 1957 after service in the Naval Reactors Branch. Clay Blair, Jr., was born in 1925, volunteering for the U.S. Navy in 1943 and afterwards serving in submarines. He later attended Tulane and Columbia Universities, becoming military correspondent for *Time* and *Life* magazines in 1950, and joining *The Saturday Evening Post* in 1957. He is the author or co-author of four previous books, including one about the building of *Nautilus*, and Admiral Rickover, the leading figure in the construction of the submarine.

There is clearly a good deal in this contention, for in the white and trackless Arctic, an area denied to surface vessels, it would be extremely difficult to detect a missile-firing submarine, and practically impossible to put it out of action if it were detected, since the vessel would be able to use the thick ice floes as a bomb shelter. Such being the case the authors are fully justified in their claim that the "cruise had proved that this eerie but important new deterrent concept was militarily feasible." It is not, however, a particularly comforting thought that the first practical purpose to which the vast area of the hitherto unproductive Arctic Ocean may be put is to serve as one of the major battlefields of the Third World War.



ONE OF THE SHIP'S COOKS PREPARING TURKEY IN THE GALLEY: AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE BOOK "NAUTILUS 90 NORTH" REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

At this point it may be asked, what useful purpose did this very expensive and dangerous experiment serve? Admittedly it is difficult to envisage submarine cargo- or passenger-ships, at any rate in time of peace, making the voyage, which would almost certainly prove prohibitive from the point of view of cost, but for a warship on active service the case might be very different. Commander Anderson claims that his cruise demonstrated that nuclear ships could operate in the Polar wilderness in relative safety and comfort, and, until Russia had developed its own nuclear submarines, completely unopposed by hostile naval forces. He goes on to say that "a glance at a polar-projection map will show that this vast, unfriendly area would be an ideal base for the underwater satellite with its arsenal of long-range missiles."

It was, of course, with a view to exploring these possibilities that *Nautilus* made the voyage. Admiral Rickover has described how these same underwater satellites are capable of unleashing a devastating attack on the Russians. Large and important areas of Soviet territory can be reached with only 1500-mile missiles fired from open



NAUTILUS BERTHED IN PEARL HARBOUR JUST PRIOR TO HER DEPARTURE FOR THE NORTH POLE: FROM THE BOOK REVIEWED BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

The pictures from the book are reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

Throughout this book Commander Anderson pays the highest tribute to his crew, who were naturally very carefully picked :

Before joining *Nautilus*, all officers and engineering ratings—regardless of past experience in submarines—study nuclear propulsion for a full year. The study consists of six months of academic work in the Nuclear Power School, New London, Connecticut, followed by six months of operational training on the *Nautilus* landbased prototype at Arco, Idaho. *Nautilus* herself serves as a kind of advanced training establishment. She has furnished nine officers and forty-four enlisted men who now man other nuclear submarines. A good indication of the level of intelligence and ability of the enlisted men can be got from this statistic: of the 288 crewmen who have served on *Nautilus*, forty-seven have been promoted to officer status or have entered programmes leading to commissions.

Truly a fascinating and frightening book.

THE UNIVERSE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE "SPACE AGE."

IV. THE PLANET MARS.

By R. A. LYTTLETON, F.R.S., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

NEARLY all discussions of the possibility of life elsewhere in the universe have centred on the planet Mars. But much of this speculation proceeded without adequate basis at a time when knowledge of the conditions obtaining on the planet were very imperfectly known. Far more is known to-day, though much still remains to be established with certainty.

The main difficulty, as usual in astronomy, is one of distance. Even at its nearest to us Mars is no fewer than about 35,000,000 miles away, and even with the most suitable telescopes for such work the planet can scarcely be seen in detail much better than can our moon with the unaided eye. The overall size and mass of the body, however, are well determined—the latter because it possesses satellites, of which more will be said later. The diameter is 4220 miles (just over half that of the Earth) and the mass about one-ninth that of the Earth. These values imply that the attraction effects of Mars are considerably weaker than the Earth's, but they are still great enough to retain an atmosphere provided that it was not constituted of the lightest gases. Hydrogen and helium would simply stream from the planet into the surrounding space.

Light reflected from the surface of Mars is affected by the double passage through the atmosphere, and direct analysis of it (by means of the

suggestive of terrestrial deserts, which owe their high colours to oxidised compounds, notably ferric oxide.

Mars exhibits many features that would be expected from analogy with the Earth, such as twilight effects, while fog, haze and clouds can be detected at times. But the features that have aroused most interest are the many distinct markings that can be seen on the solid surface itself. These include the polar caps, which are some form of ice or snow, since they develop and recede alternately at each polar region in exact timing with the Martian seasons—the "year" on Mars measures 687 of our days and the polar axis tilts over at about 25° (compared with the $23\frac{1}{2}$ -degree tilt of the Earth's axis of spin). The polar cap almost completely disappears in one hemisphere when it is summer there, while simultaneously the cap in the other polar region spreads under the influence of mid-winter. That the polar caps are not deep ice-fields as they are on Earth but only superficial layers of frost, such as can whiten the countryside in our own winters, has been inferred from the fact that they evaporate and recede so quickly. The temperature over an ice-cap in winter averages about -80° Fahrenheit, extremely cold by terrestrial standards; but curiously enough in summer the polar regions, which remain presented towards the sun for several months, may

would be a far more inhabitable place—or far less uninhabitable—than the moon, which the would-be space-travellers have their eye on. It is entirely possible that plant life in some very primitive form exists on Mars, resembling perhaps the mosses and lichens that manage to survive precariously on exposed rocks on Earth. But this can be no more than conjecture. No one at present can be certain to what extent life, if it once came to exist on a planet, might adjust itself to combat changing conditions, so that even if these seem highly adverse now, they may not necessarily always have been so. Slight as the possibilities of life seem, it is difficult to decide from the distance of the Earth what may be going on on the Martian surface, and this uncertainty is likely to remain until perhaps man can get away from the Earth altogether, or at least send his scientific instruments away to make an actual journey to the planets. If this should ever become feasible, then Venus and Mars will provide the best hopes of man himself finding an even partially favourable reception.

There is, of course, always the possibility of radio communication with some other inhabited planet, if any exist, but clearly this would require more than mere animal life at the other end. Even supposing such, it would still require a long series of broadcasts accompanied by equally systematic efforts to detect replies. A few telegrams have, in fact, been broadcast ostensibly intended for Mars by well-meaning enthusiasts, but sporadic unorganised attempts of this kind have negligible chance of establishing anything. For all we know, Martians may have spent centuries broadcasting to us before the invention here of wireless telegraphy, and having now given it



THREE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE MOVEMENT OF THE DARK AREAS OF THE MARTIAN SURFACE THROUGH THE PLANET'S ROTATION. DR. LYTTLETON DISCUSSES THE QUESTION OF LIFE ON MARS, WHAT CONDITIONS MAY BE LIKE ON THE PLANET AND THE ALLEGED "CANALS" CLAIMED TO HAVE BEEN SEEN BY SEVERAL NINETEENTH-CENTURY OBSERVERS.

spectroscopic) indicates that there cannot be even 0.1 per cent. as much oxygen as there is in our own atmosphere and it could be that it is completely absent. There are indications of water-vapour but in very moderate amounts (about 1 per cent. that in our atmosphere); and there is a minute trace of carbon-dioxide, though rather more than is found in the Earth's atmosphere. The bulk of the Martian atmosphere, however, must consist of gases undetectable by light-analysis, and this strongly suggests that nitrogen is the main constituent as in our own atmosphere, where it comprises about 80 per cent. Taken as a whole, there is far less atmosphere per square mile above the surface of Mars than there is on Earth, and the barometer would probably register only between 2 and 3 ins. of mercury compared with the figure of 30 ins. usual here. But this does not mean that the atmosphere is shallower than ours: at ground level the pressure is far lower, but because of the weaker force of gravity the pressure at heights of more than about 12 miles is actually greater than in the terrestrial air. This explains why clouds can occur at such extraordinarily great heights—20 miles or more—in the Martian atmosphere.

At its most favourable position Mars is a brilliant object in the night sky second only to Venus in brightness. Its disk has a ruddy, orange colour making the planet a reddish object quite different from any other planet. Since its path round the sun (a planet shines, of course, only by reflected sunlight) lies entirely outside the Earth's orbit, Mars cannot show any crescent phase, but it can become distinctly gibbous, to about the same extent as the moon three or four days before and after it is full. Whatever its nature, the surface of Mars reflects light much better than does the lunar surface, and as it continues to do so at all angles the Martian surface is probably fairly smooth in comparison. If there ever was oxygen in the planet's atmosphere, which seems highly likely, it may well have long since gone to oxidising the surface materials by weathering processes. The red surface colour is strongly

become the warmest part of the surface and reach about 70° F., a moderate summer temperature here in England.

There is no doubt about the existence of darker areas on the surface, situated mainly in the equatorial regions, but they cannot possibly be sheets of water as the earliest observers thought. The general colour of these areas and, in some instances, their size and shapes change gradually with the Martian seasons. Under conditions believed to correspond to the clearest seeing, these dark areas have been observed visually to appear joined by thin dark lines, but the descriptions of their layout given by various astronomers were extremely discordant, and this alone raised some suspicion as to their reality. It was these alleged lines that gave rise to the idea of the famous "canals," which led in turn to the more enthusiastic observers inferring the existence of worldwide irrigation schemes on the planet designed to marshal its diminishing water supplies, and thence to the existence of conscious life arranging for the construction of the scheme. But the reality of the joining lines is nowadays regarded as more than doubtful. Much of the detail "seen" by these bygone astronomers must have been mainly of subjective origin—optical illusion added to what was actually seen. At any rate, no photograph has yet revealed definite evidence of the lines.

There seems no possibility that Mars could support animal life as we know it with its present atmosphere and surface conditions, though it may well be that at an earlier stage before its oxygen became locked up irretrievably in the surface layers the planet could perhaps have done so. Present conditions would seem to be a combination of the dryness of our deserts with the lack of atmosphere associated with the stratosphere, if as favourable, together with the coldness of our polar regions at times, not to mention the additional discomforts that little or no oxygen, frequent dust storms and negligible defence from solar ultra-violet light would involve. But with even all these seemingly adverse conditions, it

up as hopeless, print in their text-books that Earth is unsuitable for human habitation, probably because of its dense and humid atmosphere, as people here in England sometimes claim it is!

Another most interesting feature of the Martian system remains to be mentioned—namely, that the planet possesses two tiny moons circling unusually close to the surface. They escaped detection till 1877, when they were first seen by Hall with a newly-constructed 26-in. telescope at Washington, then a most powerful instrument. The existence of two such bodies associated with Mars had been "predicted" almost a century-and-a-half earlier by the celebrated Dean Swift as a satire on some of the methods then utilised to arrive at knowledge. The actual satellites when found accorded more closely with his Laputan ones than their author can ever have hoped.

Both moons travel round in the same general direction as the planet's rotation. The inner satellite Phobos, about ten miles in diameter, is so near the planet that it completes a circuit in a mere $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours, little more than a quarter of the Martian day (which is 40 minutes longer than our own). The result is that, as seen by Martians, this little moon rises in the *west* and sets in the *east*, and has the distinction of being the only satellite (other than artificial ones) to do so. The other known satellite, Deimos, about five miles in diameter, circles at more than three times the distance of Phobos and takes just over 30 hours. This being longer than the Martian day, it has the usual property of rising in the *east* and setting in the *west*.

Despite their proximity to the planet—modern rockets fired from the surface of Mars could easily reach them—they would not rival our own satellite in the amount of "moonlight" they produce on the Martian landscape. Even the larger one would have at most only a third the angular size of our moon and would be seen only $1/25$ th as bright at corresponding positions, while the smaller one would be seen only $1/100$ th as bright as the moon to give it the appearance of a brilliant planet in the Martian sky.

THE SIZE OF THE EARTH AND MARS COMPARED

THE EARTH
DIAMETER 7,950 MILES.MARS WHEN AT ITS
NEAREST TO THE EARTH
IS STILL ABOUT 35,000,000
MILES AWAY.MARS
DIAMETER 4,220 MILES.LENGTH OF DAY = 24 HOURS
LENGTH OF YEAR = 687 DAYS.LENGTH OF DAY = 24 HOURS 37 MINS
LENGTH OF YEAR = 687 DAYS.

THE MOONS OF MARS

THE INNER SATELLITE, PHOBOS, IS
5,800 MILES FROM THE CENTRE OF
MARS.

DEIMOS

PHOBOS

PHOBOS IS ABOUT
10 MILES IN DIAMETER
AND TAKES BUT 7.5 HOURS
TO CIRCLE THE PLANET.DEIMOS IS ONLY ABOUT
5 MILES IN DIAMETER,
BUT TAKES 30 HOURS TO
CIRCLE MARS.IT IS BELIEVED THAT THE TERRAIN OF MARS IS FLAT AND LARGELY DESERT. IT IS PROBABLE THAT THE ATMOSPHERE CONSISTS LARGELY OF NITROGEN, POSSIBLY SOME OXYGEN (BUT FAR
LESS THAN IN OUR ATMOSPHERE) AND A LITTLE WATER VAPOUR.↑
CLOUDS PROBABLY RISE
TO A HEIGHT OF OVER
12 MILES.↑
AT HEIGHTS ABOVE 12 MILES, OWING TO
THE WEAKER FORCE OF GRAVITY, THE
ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE IS GREATER THAN
THAT OF THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE AT A
SIMILAR HEIGHT.THERE ARE FREQUENT DUST
STORMS AND HAZE.↑
AT GROUND LEVEL THE ATMOSPHERIC
PRESSURE IS FAR LOWER THAN THAT ON
EARTH. ↓
THERE ARE PROBABLY LOW HILLS.THERE MAY BE SOME SCANT
FORM OF VEGETATION.DESERT, IT IS BELIEVED,
COVERS MOST OF THE SURFACE.DURING WINTER IN THE
NORTHERN HEMISPHERE,
A LARGE ICE CAP FORMS
IN POLAR REGIONS.IN SUMMER THE NORTH
POLAR CAP QUICKLY
DISAPPEARS.ASTRONOMERS HAVE LONG NOTED SEASONAL CHANGES ON THE
SURFACE OF MARS. DARKER AREAS HAVE BEEN NOTICED PARTICULARLY
IN THE EQUATORIAL REGIONS BUT THEY CANNOT POSSIBLY BE SHEETS
OF WATER AS EARLIER OBSERVERS CONJECTURED.THE POLAR
CAP NOW
FORMS IN
THE
SOUTHERN
HEMISPHERE.THE SUMMER
TEMPERATURE
AT THE EQUATOR
ON MARS IS
ABOUT 50° F.

SEASONAL CHANGES

THE INCLINATION OF THE AXIS OF MARS

DIRECTION OF SPIN

NORTH

PLANE OF MOTION
ROUND THE SUNTHE ROTATION AXIS OF MARS
IS TILTED TO A GREATER
EXTENT THAN THAT OF THE
EARTH, AT ABOUT 25 DEGREES.
MARS, THEREFORE,
SEASONAL EFFECTS AS DOES
THE EARTH.

WHAT IS THE COMPOSITION OF THE POLAR WINTER MANTLES?

IT CERTAINLY IS NOT THICK ICE AND SNOW AS ON EARTH, IT FADES AWAY SO QUICKLY IN THE RAYS OF
THE SUMMER SUN THAT IT IS PROBABLY A SUPERFICIAL LAYER OF WHITE FROST.

G. H. DAVIS

HOME OF THE MARTIANS OR A DESERTED WORLD? THE PLANET MARS—SOME OF ITS CHARACTERISTICS.

The recent successful launchings of the Russian and the later American moon rockets were an exciting step forward in the quest for further knowledge about the universe. The constant advance of rocket techniques will doubtless in time help to answer the fascinating question as to whether or not life exists elsewhere in the universe. Much of the discussion about this possibility has centred on the planet Mars. At its nearest to us, Mars is still some 35,000,000 miles away, and this is one of the chief obstacles preventing closer investigation of the planet. Although it appears that animal life as we know it cannot

exist on Mars with its present surface conditions and atmosphere—making it, even so, a far less uninhabitable place than the moon—there is no certainty about the way in which life, if it once came to exist on a planet, might adapt itself to changing conditions. The present adverse conditions on Mars may not always have been so. Besides seeking Martians with the aid of rockets, there is also the possibility of trying to get into contact with them by radio. In our article next week the chance of life existing elsewhere in the universe is again among the topics discussed.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation of Dr. R. A. Lyttleton.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ANCE. The others are mostly pretty, or pretty-ish, but relatively insignificant iris-like little plants, with light-blue or yellow flowers. They are, in fact, plants which I would never go a yard out of my



"DELICATE TRUMPET-SHAPED FLOWERS WITH A POWERFUL FRAGRANCE": A CLOSE-UP OF THE FLOWERS OF THE MAROON-STRIPED FORM OF *SYMPHYSTEMON NARCISSOIDES*, WHICH IS PROBABLY BETTER KNOWN BY ITS OLD NAME, *SISYRINCHIUM ODORATISSIMUM*. (Photograph by D. F. Merrett.)

way to acquire, but which, on the other hand, I would not take much trouble to get rid of should they turn up in my garden as gate-crashers. Among the sisyrinchiums which I regard as merely "mere" are *S. angustifolium*, pale blue, *S. bellum*, dwarfer than *angustifolium*, with rather larger blue flowers, *S. bermudianum*, violet mauve, and *S. boreale*, pale yellow. In addition to these there is *Sisyrinchium striatum*, a larger plant with iris-like leaves, and erect stems up to a couple of feet tall carrying pale yellow flowers. I have seen this looking rather attractive and picturesque when growing in semi-wild conditions.

A most attractive species is *Sisyrinchium grandiflorum* from North-West America. It is known also as *S. douglasii*. It is quite easy to grow, forming small clumps of 6-in. rushlike leaves and slender stems carrying delicate satin-textured reddish-purple flowers. Very soon after the flowers are over—in early spring—the whole plant disappears underground, and is no more seen until the following spring, unless by misadventure it has been dug up and so lost. That is the difficulty with this lovely thing, which should therefore be found a safe and easy-to-remember spot on the rock garden, or some special bed reserved for other choice dwarf plants. *Sisyrinchium grandiflorum* is also delightful for growing in pot or pan in the Alpine house, where it will benefit from the slight protection at its very early spring flowering-time. There is a white-flowered variety, which, though not so attractive as the type, is well worth growing, if only for the sake of contrast. I was once sent a very lovely variety of *S. grandiflorum* with flowers of a finer, richer colour than the normal

ALTHOUGH there are about sixty known species of *sisyrinchium* to choose from, there are, in my opinion, only some four or five which are of real garden importance.

type. It was—as far as I can remember—nearer crimson than the ordinary purplish-red. It was called *S. g. "Garnet."* Greatly to my regret, "Garnet" disappeared from my keeping, as new, rare, and lovely plants have a distressing way of sometimes doing. They are with one, and then, after a lapse of time, one becomes aware that they are no longer with one. In such cases one is quite certain that the loss is not due to the ministrations of some malefactor—a common plant-pinch, or to the abomination that creepeth by night. I have a theory that there are angels, rather naughty ones, who can not resist carrying off occasional plant treasures for naturalising in the Elysian fields—or scree.

It was close upon fifty years ago that I made a quick dash and back to the Falkland Islands to collect bulbs of *Oxalis enneaphylla*, and any other vegetation which might seem likely to be of garden value, and among other "likelies" was *Sisyrinchium filifolium*. The local vernacular name for this plant is Pale Maidens. Of tufted habit, it has rushlike leaves about 6 ins. high, and erect, wiry stems carrying flowers which look not unlike delicate snowdrops in white satin, with fine purplish lines. They are fragrant. Pale Maidens is not a difficult plant to grow, and is best in some secluded spot in the rock garden—or a pan or pot in the Alpine house. It is not a showy thing. Aubrietas need fear no competition from it. But for the gardener who appreciates quiet delicate charm in a plant rather than riotous colour, Pale Maidens can be recommended. It is in no way fussy as to soil. Any reasonable light loam contents it, and the addition of a dash of peat or leaf mould will be gratefully received. *Sisyrinchium filifolium* may be increased by simple division from time to time, but seeds are the simplest way, and fortunately the plant usually produces a modest harvest of these.

Sisyrinchium odoratissimum, alias *Symphytostemon narcissoides*, was another of my finds and introductions. I got it down in the Straits of Magellan, and especially on Elizabeth Island in the Straits. It is a taller and more important plant

than *Sisyrinchium filifolium*, reaching a height of about 18 ins., with, again, rushlike leaves, and slender wiry stems carrying a head of delicate trumpet-shaped flowers with a powerful fragrance of a type which I personally rather dislike. Two distinct varieties turned up among the plants from the seeds I collected. In one the flowers are a clear, soft, butter- or sulphur-yellow, whilst in the other the ground colour of the flowers is paler, with delicately pencilled lines of purplish maroon. I make that description from memory, and I can only hope that "purplish maroon" is reasonably accurate. Of the two varieties I prefer the self-coloured one without those lines along the petals. *Sisyrinchium odoratissimum* is quite easy to grow, and seems to be largely indifferent as to soil, and whether it is on limy or acid soil. I have one clump of it growing in what I can only describe as crude soil: a stiff loam in which is a heavy proportion of rough broken limestone. There it sits, as good as gold, never complains, and flowers regularly year after year, and, what is more, it produces a nice annual crop of seeds, from which young plants are raised.

From my unheated greenhouse I have just brought into the house two pans of crocus species in full flower. I saw them at one of the R.H.S. fortnightly shows in London last spring, and wisely ordered a dozen bulbs of each, and very glad I am for that wisdom, for they are quite



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THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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"CREAM BEAUTY," ONE OF THE LOVELIEST OF THE NAMED VARIETIES OF *CROCUS CHRYSANTHUS*: "ITS COLOUR IS RICH, CLEAR CREAM, JERSEY CREAM, SHADING TO A DARK SLATE-GREY BASE" ON THE OUTSIDE PETALS.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

enchantingly beautiful. Both are miniatures, about 3 ins. or a trifle more high, and each bulb has produced three flowers. One of them, *Crocus chrysanthus* "Cream Beauty," is well-named, for its colour is rich, clear cream, Jersey cream, shading to a dark slate-grey base. The other is *Crocus sieberi* "Hubert Edelsten." In this the three outer petals are reddish violet, with a curiously arched feathered white band between the base and the outer edge. The three inner petals are white. How important it is to allow oneself to fall for such delights at flower shows, now and then, and within reason. But not too much reason.

PREPARING FOR THE PARIS FLORALIA:
PLANT "GENERALSHIP" AT WISLEY.



TO KEEP PLANTS IN TIP-TOP CONDITION FOR THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL FLORALIA: A "JUNGLE SHELTER" AT WISLEY, WITH BAMBOO AND SACKING WALLS AND ROOF.



THE EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE BRITISH SECTION FOR THE GREAT APRIL FLOWER SHOW IN PARIS: MR. FRANCIS HANGER, AT WISLEY, WITH THE "WOODLAND GARDEN" PLAN.



CHOOSEN TO TRAVEL TO PARIS: A DECIDUOUS RHODODENDRON SCHLIPPENBACHII BEING LIFTED WITH A BALL OF ROOTS AT THE R.H.S. WISLEY GARDENS.

From April 24 to May 3 Paris will be the scene of what is planned as the world's largest-ever flower show: an International Floralia, staged under the auspices of Paris Municipal Council and the National Horticultural Society of France in the enormous new Palais de la Défense (15 acres under cover), near the Pont de Neuilly. Here there will be, beside the exhibits by individual cities and provinces of France, great national exhibits by Great Britain and at least seventeen other countries. The British exhibit will be by far the largest and most comprehensive ever sent abroad and will be the result of a great co-operative effort by societies, firms and individual gardeners—it will, incidentally,

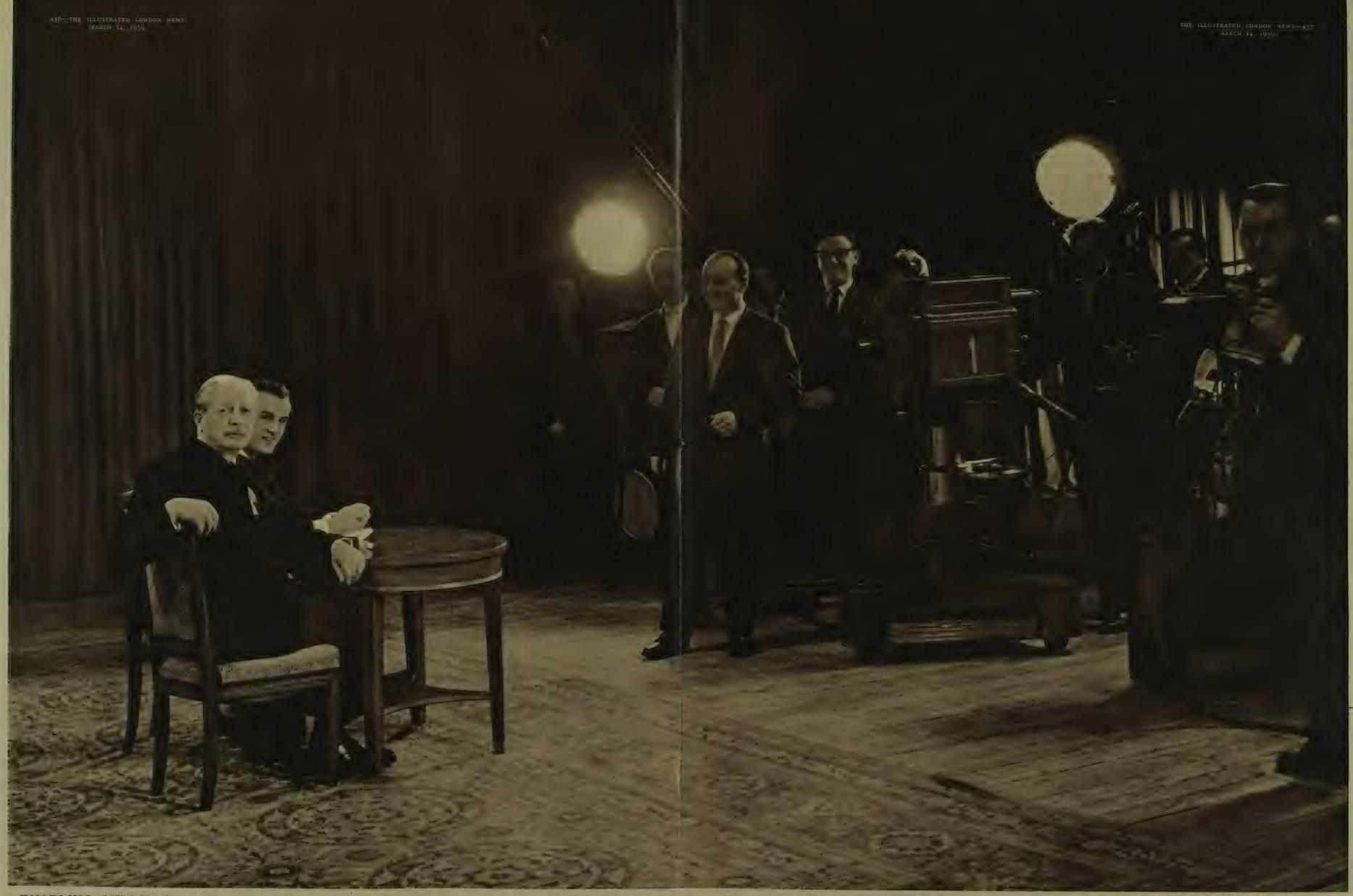


WHEN A SHRUB IS LIFTED—IN THIS CASE, PIERIS FORRESTII—THE BALL OF ROOTS IS PACKED WITH PEAT AND BRACKEN AND WRAPPED FIRMLY IN WIRE NETTING.



IN A LONDON DOCKS COOL STORE: A CAMELLIA AND OTHER PLANTS FROM WISLEY, BEING KEPT BACK (AT 36 DEGS. F.)—IN COMPANY WITH COOKED HAM AND CHEESE.

include a group of orchids from the Queen's collection at Windsor. This British Section is being organised by a Committee under the Chairmanship of the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon. Getting the material to Paris in tip-top condition is, of course, a major feat of generalship; and the general in charge is the Executive Officer, Mr. Francis Hanger, Curator of the R.H.S. Gardens. The operations have already started and these photographs show some of the means employed to protect, bring on or retard innumerable plants of innumerable kinds, which are now being marshalled at Wisley in readiness for the special trains which will take them to Paris.



ENABLING MILLIONS OF RUSSIAN TELEVISION VIEWERS TO GET TO KNOW MR. MACMILLAN: THE PRIME MINISTER AT THE MOSCOW T.V. STUDIO FOR HIS BROADCAST

Mr. Macmillan's appearance on Moscow television took place on March 2, when—after a period of strained relations between the Soviet hosts and their British visitors—the friendly atmosphere which marked the beginning of their Prime Minister's visit had been at least partly restored. Addressing an audience of probably several million viewers in the Moscow region, Mr. Macmillan—in a confident, 27-minute talk—recalled that Russia was now the world's second industrial power, a position she had achieved since his

last visit to the Soviet Union in 1929. He went on to say that at present production per head in Britain was still twice that in Russia, and that the British standard of living is the highest in Europe. After outlining some outstanding British scientific and technical achievements in the last few years, he went on to say: "We are a nation which lives by trade. There you have a key to understanding our approach to affairs. A nation living by trade needs peace. It also needs other people to be prosperous. Peace it needs

because only then can trade flow freely backward and forward; and other people's prosperity it needs because only in that way can there be good markets for our products." Speaking on the British political system, Mr. Macmillan said he had been a candidate in ten Parliamentary elections; sometimes he had won and sometimes lost. In the first case he had thought the system was excellent; in the latter perhaps he had had doubts. All the same, the system worked well and suited British needs, its essentials being free and

secret elections, freedom to discuss and argue, and toleration in public affairs. Speaking of the British Commonwealth, the Prime Minister said this free association was growing in strength. Even though there are political differences between Britain and Russia, yet, Mr. Macmillan said, "We are all men and women, and I am sure we have much more in common than many people would admit." Mr. Macmillan concluded with suggestions for improving Anglo-Soviet relations, advocating a large increase in tourism.



THE ideal present, I suppose, should express the personality of the donor and at the same time be wholly in accord with the taste of the recipient. This is in many cases a counsel of perfection, and uncles and grandparents frequently dodge the issue by writing a cheque, and that, though a popular enough gesture, is also insufferably lazy. But Mr. Khrushchev quite obviously has no need of cheques, and I presume that the Prime Minister was able to obtain advice before his visit as to what his opposite number in Soviet Russia might appreciate. Here, anyway (Fig. 1), is the gift, and Mr. Khrushchev can rest assured that it would have been difficult to find a piece of furniture more English in character and which could better express the thoughtful good manners of Mr. Macmillan; for what could be a more tactful, understanding gift from statesman to statesman than a fine bureau which contains various secret drawers hard to discover and obviously designed to hold state secrets?

It was necessary, I am told, to brief the Prime Minister beforehand, so that he could demonstrate the secret to the recipient as he handed over the bureau. The fall-down flap at the front conceals a cupboard which slides out to reveal six drawers at the back. The illustration brings out very well the beautiful figure of the wood and the gilt gesso enrichments on the pediment. The date can with some confidence be given as about 1715 and the bureau is a distinguished example of a class, evolving from a simple chest of drawers, and—as far as the upper part was concerned—influenced by architectural fashions, bore witness to gradually rising standards of comfort.

After all, by the beginning of the eighteenth century when these admirably practical walnut chests-cum-bookcases-cum-writing-tables-cum-filing cabinets (for that is what they were) had become familiar objects not merely in great houses but in the houses of quite middling people, it was possible for a very ordinary kind of person to look at something of this sort in his parlour and reflect that, scarcely more than half-a-century earlier, not even the king himself had owned so sensible and agreeable a piece of furniture—neither Charles I nor Oliver Cromwell. It is curious how wide a gulf there seems to be between the ordinary amenities of, say, 1650, and those of 1700, and how comparatively stark, oaken and slightly uncomfortable were the furnishings in which so cultured a Renaissance prince as Charles I lived and moved, compared with the range of stuffs and variety of veneers at the disposal of his successors. It is as if the frightful calamity of the civil war and the hatreds and suffering engendered by it actually stimulated invention and ingenuity; a nonsensical supposition deduced from false premises, for surely the arts could have prospered better without such a severe political upheaval.

Mr. Khrushchev's bureau was given a final touch of perfection by the addition of two silver candlesticks, London, mid-eighteenth century, which were lit at the presentation, and placed on the two slides intended for them. The upper part behind the mirrored doors contains shelves and the slides can be discerned in the photograph immediately beneath these doors. There is nothing out of the way in the arrangement of small drawers and pigeon-holes in the interior; what is exceptional is the high quality of the workmanship and the careful choice of the walnut veneers. The beautiful pattern of the intricate

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A PRESENT TO MR. K.

graining has been allowed to tell its own story without further adornment.

Perhaps the palatial and extremely luxurious cabinet of Fig. 2 which has been recently acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum provides an entertaining contrast—the walnut bureau, as it were, a well-cut tailor-made, the cabinet an elaborate confection for Ascot. It so happens that the cabinet bears the date 1715—that is, it was made about the time of the bureau, but whereas the one was intended for use in a plain man's library, the other was obviously conceived as an object of ceremony. The Court of Louis XIV set the standard for every European monarch and prince, and at that court, one man, no less a great collector than a great craftsman, Charles André Boulle, was the dominant figure as far as furniture was concerned; in every way, it seems to me, a marvellous man—born in the trade in 1642, active all his long life (he lived to be ninety), and leaving two sons who carried on his work.

In a way his reputation has suffered just because he was so great a personality—I mean, his style was copied so frequently, and often so ham-fistedly, during the nineteenth century

bronze-chaser was as great as that of his craftsmanship in wood. But whereas the characteristic Boulle style lasted in France for at least two generations after about 1670 (and never crossed the Channel), it was fashionable in Germany during the first two decades or so of the eighteenth century only—the period of this cabinet, and of a very few others of equal elaboration and quality.

What is certain is that these German versions are well up to the standards set by the cabinet-makers of Paris. Nor is this particularly surprising, for there was always a fine tradition of wood-carving in Germany, particularly in the south, and it is no accident that later in the century some of the most famous of the Paris makers were German émigrés. Paris was a magnet for the best workmen from very far afield.

This piece is decorated with marquetry of mother-of-pearl, tortoise-shell and engraved and gilt brass. Two small unidentified coats of arms are on the central door. In the centre of the pediment is a larger coat, that of a Bishop of Wiener-Neustadt, von Khevenhüller, who occupied the position between 1734 and 1741; presumably it was added when he acquired the cabinet. It appears that a fair number of cabinets of a similar character by German craftsmen

are known: at Nürnberg, at Munich, and in Schloss Pommersfelden, near Bamberg. The nearest in style to this Victoria and Albert Museum piece is a writing-desk with marquetry of tortoise-shell and engraved metal, originally made for Schloss Schleissheim and now at Nürnberg. This was made in the court workshop at Munich, possibly by Johann Puchwiser. Another man who was also a fine craftsman in the same style was Ferdinand Plitzner, who between 1713 and 1724 executed many commissions for furniture for Schloss Pommersfelden.

What may seem a surprising similarity between the work of several different makers is explained easily enough; they worked from identical pattern books published in Paris. Such things—marquetry, Corinthian capitals, centre-piece with equestrian statue of a Roman Emperor in mother-of-pearl, tortoise-shell, gilt brass and all—are phenomena of a way of life which seems so remote and the reverse of workaday as to belong to the moon. And so, in a

sense, they did, so far as they really had any influence upon the development of furniture generally; such things are altogether too elaborate and complicated and luxurious to be anything more than vehicles for a display of virtuosity.

I'm glad Mr. K. was presented with something so English and downright as his walnut bureau, and I hope that, if he has an eye for these things, he will recognise how sensible and honest a thing it is.



FIG. 1. AN ENGLISH WALNUT BUREAU, c. 1715, PRESENTED BY THE PRIME MINISTER TO MR. KHRUSHCHEV IN MOSCOW. (Height, 7 ft. 11 ins.)

Photograph by courtesy of Frank Partridge and Sons.



FIG. 2. A CABINET DECORATED WITH MARQUETRY OF MOTHER-OF-PEARL, TORTOISE-SHELL AND ENGRAVED AND GILT BRASS. ONE OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM'S RECENT ACQUISITIONS (Height, 2 ft. 7 ins.)

that we can scarcely be blamed for looking at it askance. In any case, it is a style of ceremony if ever there was one, suited to palaces and very great houses indeed, immensely luxurious and dignified, with its inlay of tortoise-shell and pewter and bone and ivory, with ormolu enrichments. It was he who can be said to have first used metal and wood together with distinction, and it was by no means by chance that by the time he was thirty his reputation as a



THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XXVII.
WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.



A VIEW OF DEAN'S YARD, SHOWING—IN THE CENTRE ON THE RIGHT—THE MAIN SCHOOL ENTRANCE, DATING FROM THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, AND PART OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Westminster is the only public school still situated in the heart of London, St. Paul's, Charterhouse, Merchant Taylors' and Christ's Hospital all having moved. The school buildings lie close to the Houses of Parliament, just to the south of Westminster Abbey, and are grouped mainly round Dean's Yard and Little Dean's Yard. In the middle of the last century the question of the school's removal was much discussed, but there was considerable

opposition from Old Westminsters and others, and it was gradually realised what unique advantages a school in its position could enjoy. The foresight of Dean Vincent in saving for the school as playing fields 10 acres of what used to be the open land stretching between Westminster and Chelsea has also been of great importance. ("Fields," as the playing fields are known to the school, occupy the centre of Vincent Square.)

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL: LITTLE DEAN'S YARD—THE

HEART OF CENTRAL LONDON'S ONLY PUBLIC SCHOOL.



The present status of Westminster dates from the school's re-foundation by Queen Elizabeth I, which was ordered by letter patent of 1560. A school had existed on the site for many years previously, as is shown by school records. It may have been started by the important Benedictine monastery of Westminster, following the action of Pope Alexander III in 1179, making the maintenance of schools obligatory for all cathedral and monastic

establishments, or may even have been founded earlier than this. Following the re-foundation by Queen Elizabeth, Westminster rapidly grew in importance, reaching the heights of eminence under Dr. Busby, who became Head Masterhip lasted from 1639 to 1695. Up to the nineteenth century Westminster, Eton and Winchester were supreme among the public schools. After this, there was a decline in the school's standards, which was not remedied

Drawn by our Special

until the period following the appointment of Dr. Liddell as Head Master in 1846. The centre of the school is Little Dean's Yard, which is overlooked by the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament, seen in the background of the drawing. The Yard is connected with Dean's Yard by a fourteenth-century archway. On the left of the drawing is Ashburnham House, a charming seventeenth-century building (with a recently added, matching wing) in which

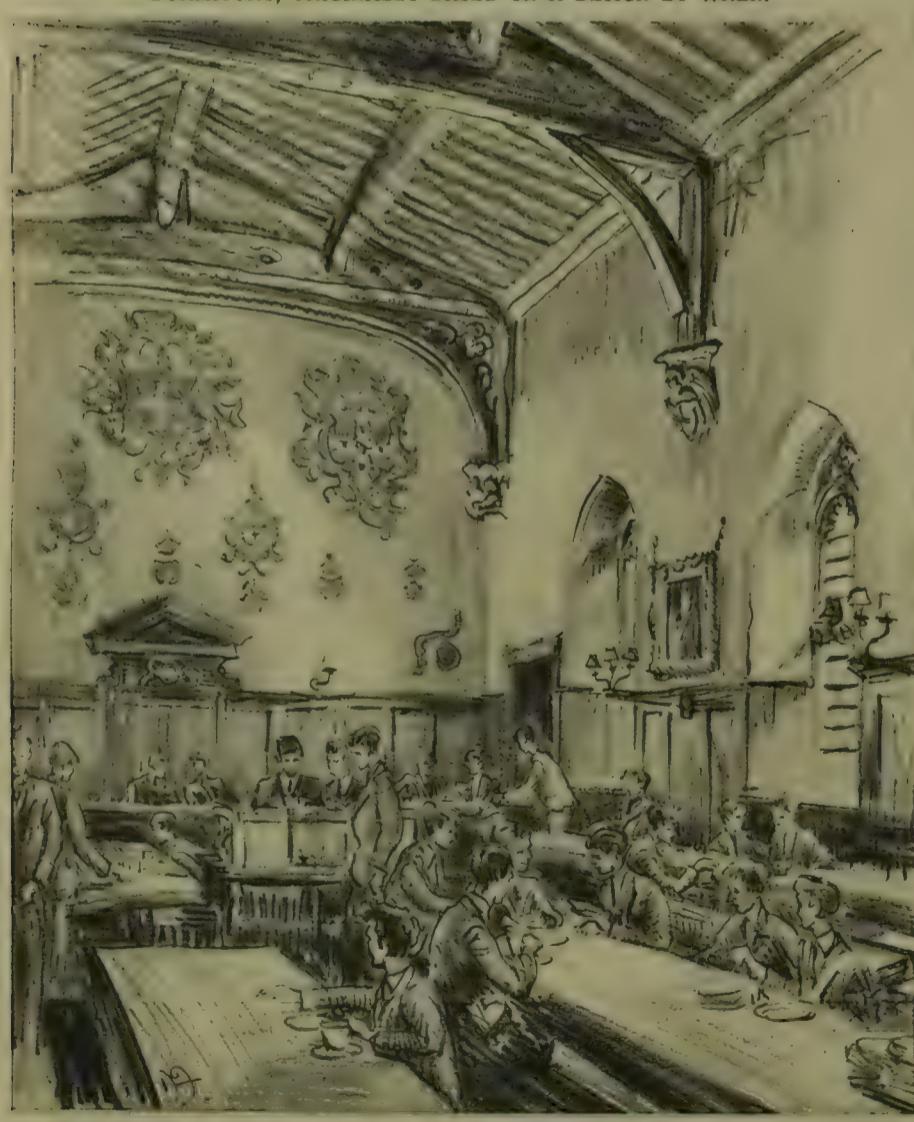
is kept the school library. In the centre can be seen the stone gateway, built in 1734 by Lord Burlington, which gives access to School and the Busby Library. School, originally the monks' dormitory, was badly damaged in the war and is still under repair, while the Busby Library, and College, on the far side of the Yard to the right, which were also damaged by enemy action, have now both been restored.

Dennis Flanders.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL: THE GARDEN, COLLEGE HALL AND THE GATEWAY.



THE ATTRACTIVE, SECLUDED GARDEN, WITH—ON THE LEFT—PART OF THE DORMITORY, ORIGINALLY BASED ON A DESIGN BY WREN.



MAKING TOAST FOR TEA (CENTRE) IN COLLEGE HALL, ONCE THE DINING HALL OF THE ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.

Perhaps Westminster's most notable loss during the air raids of the last war was School, the only schoolroom from the re-foundation until 1884 and the scene of the pancake contest each Shrove Tuesday. Another casualty was Dormitory, built to replace its predecessor, formerly the monks' granary, which fell down in 1729. Once every year a space was cleared in Dormitory for the performance of the Latin play. Dormitory was reopened in 1950.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



THE GATEWAY, BUILT IN 1734, WHERE MONITORS CEREMONIALLY SALUTE THE HEAD MASTER AND MASTERS.

Westminsters attend a daily service in the Abbey, where they are also present at Coronations to salute the sovereign, and are privileged to attend debates in the House of Commons. Under Queen Elizabeth's directions scholarships to Christ Church, Oxford, and Trinity College, Cambridge, were endowed, and the annual visit to the school of the Dean and Master of the two colleges—originally made in order to select scholars—still takes place.

A GREAT STATESMAN RELAXES: THE PAINTINGS OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL.



"LAWRENCE FARM, PLUG STREET": ONE OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S EARLIEST PAINTINGS ON VIEW AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY; PAINTED IN 1916.



"SNOW AT CHARTWELL," SIR WINSTON'S PRIVATE COUNTRY HOME. THIS OIL PAINTING WAS EXECUTED IN 1924. SIXTY-ONE PAINTINGS ARE NOW IN THE DIPLOMA GALLERY.



"BOTTLESCAPE," LENT BY LADY CHURCHILL: A LARGE CANVAS PAINTED ABOUT 1932. IT SHOWS SIR WINSTON'S GIFTS AS A PAINTER TO EXCELLENT EFFECT.



"STUDY OF BOATS (FRENCH RIVIERA)": PAINTED ABOUT 1933. SOME OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF SIR WINSTON'S CANVASES ARE OF MEDITERRANEAN SCENES, WHICH SHOW TO BEST ADVANTAGE HIS VIGOROUS SENSE OF COLOUR.



"MARRAKECH," THE RESORT IN MOROCCO WHICH SIR WINSTON HAS FREQUENTLY VISITED. THIS CONTRASTING STUDY OF GARDENS, DESERT AND MOUNTAINS WAS PAINTED IN 1947.



"VIEW OF LA PAUSA, ROQUEBRUNE": THIS EXCELLENT STUDY OF LIGHT AND TREES WAS PAINTED ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA IN 1957.

These six paintings by Sir Winston Churchill span a period of over forty years, and so cover a large part of his political life. The sixty-one of his oil paintings now on view in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy until May 31 illustrate how painting has always been the perfect relaxation to Sir Winston, from the cares of office and the strains of an active public life. In the darkest hours of war he found time for a few hours at his easel. Until quite recently Sir Winston was always unwilling to allow any comprehensive exhibition of his work, but recently thirty-five of these paintings have toured

the U.S.A., Canada, Australia and New Zealand. He has for some years now been a regular contributor to the Royal Academy. In 1947 he had two of his paintings accepted by the Committee under a pseudonym, and in the following year he was created the first Honorary Academician Extraordinary. He has now contributed no fewer than forty-seven pictures to the Academy. Sir Winston's gifts as painter are undeniable. His subjects tend to be extremely varied, but each one of his canvases is infused with the artist's vigour and enjoyment in painting it.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

LIVING BIRDS OF THE WORLD.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

in the world who, with equal fixation, evade more adult matters by watching racehorses. But there are few writers to inveigh against this as unesthetic.

At least there is one champion for the cause. E. Thomas Gilliard tells us:

Birds provide a "window" through which both layman and scientists can learn of their kinship to the rest of the animal kingdom. Birds, like man, are "eye" animals, as against the "nose" animals that

THE living organisms of this world are divided into two kingdoms. To one kingdom is assigned those capable of manufacturing their own food, unable for the most part to move about, and generally incapable of feeling. These we call plants. The other kingdom includes those organisms which are, for the most part, endowed with the power of locomotion, are generally capable of feeling and which are dependent upon plants for their food, either directly or indirectly. These we call animals.

The biologist refers to the different kinds of plants and animals as species, a word which he finds almost impossible to define to his satisfaction. He is also unable to say with any degree of precision how many species exist at the present time. The estimates of the numbers of living animals alone vary from 1,000,000 to 10,000,000. The first, very conservative, figure refers to those that have been given a scientific name: the second figure represents an attempted guess at the probable total when all animal species have been made known by scientific names.

The American, Robert Hegner, in "Parade of the Animal Kingdom," has put the situation graphically:

If we could emulate Noah and review a Parade of the Animal Kingdom containing a pair of every species known to science, and if these animals were to march by at the rate of one pair every three seconds, more than a month would elapse before the Gorilla would make his appearance. No one knows how many different kinds, or species, of animals are now living on the earth, but three million is certainly a conservative estimate.

Certain of these animals wear feathers. Hegner does not say how many species there are of these, although he offers numbers for all the others, but we can say by a process of simple deduction and simple arithmetic that he estimated the total of feathered animals at 15,000, or one-sixth per cent. of the total. Yet this particular group of animals is not only far better known scientifically than any other, in that it is highly probable that every living species has now been named, but it is far better known by name to laymen and scientists.

I refer, of course, to the group of animals known as birds, but I have hesitated up to this point, when the matter could be no longer delayed, to pronounce the name, because the mere mention of it is apt to have uncertain effects. To some people the word is almost anathema since interest in birds has "spread from a small circle of professionals and dedicated amateurs to a great audience throughout the world."

There are some writers who express surprise that British generals and statesmen should, at great moments in history, have found the time and the inclination to watch birds. They describe bird-watching as a fixation, mainly unscientific and unesthetic, having the nature of an escape or of an evasion of more adult or more humanly intellectual matters. Admittedly, bird-watching is almost a cult. It is a social phenomenon of which the historian of the future will take especial note. But it is difficult to see that it is any more reprehensible than a score of other pursuits. There must, for example, be just as many people

within two covers. In 400 pages, containing some 200,000 words and 400 illustrations, of which 217 are in full colour, the class Aves is dealt with family by family, not in full detail, which would be impossible, but in sufficient detail to satisfy the non-specialist reader. It is a beautiful book, very pleasing to the eye and touch, and the author has had the benefit of drawing upon a supply of magnificent pictures by a wide variety of photographers, among whom are notably Eric Hosking, John Markham and Loke Wan Tho, and it is not to the discredit of these and the many others that have contributed

if I say that the colour pictures are colourful, if not gaudy at times. I am mistrustful of these colours when I find two colour photographs, one of a male European blackbird (*Turdus merula*) showing a light-brown plumage, and the other of a female showing colours which are equally unusual for this species. The camera may not lie, but the blockmaker can play tricks.

The book suffers in its usefulness to readers on this side of the Atlantic from two major faults, for which the publishers rather than the author are to blame. No attempt has been made, where this is necessary, to adjust the English vernacular names. Few here will recognise in the Pacific loon our well-known great northern diver. The barn swallow for our common swallow rings strangely, and so does bank swallow for what we usually call the sand martin. The second fault is perhaps the more disconcerting. It is in the captions to the pictures.

Each picture is labelled with the name of the bird portrayed, giving a vernacular name as well as the scientific name. For some species the range is given precisely and in detail, but usually only for those shown in colour, as if being portrayed in black and white gave a species less importance. Most black-and-white photographs carry no indication of range, although a few do so, thus indicating that this omission is not by design but from inconsistency of treatment. There is, however, worse than this.

Is the macaroni penguin really found throughout the Southern Hemisphere? Too often the range is given vaguely as "Old World," "Africa" or "Eurasia," when

a few more words would have given the reader a clear idea of the total range. For example, the range of the water rail is given as "Old World," and the Old World includes Australia, whereas the water rail is not found outside Europe, Asia and North Africa. The range of the corn-crake is given as Eurasia, but the bird is not found in large areas of Asia, whereas it winters throughout Africa, which is not mentioned.

It is a great pity to have marred so excellent a production by this scant attention to important information that could so easily have been included. Unfortunately, too often the text does nothing to rectify this. For example, taking the corn-crake, we have on page 150: "The Sora Rail and its close relative in the Old World, the Corn Crake, breed in the Northern Hemisphere and winter south to northern South America in the New World, and to Africa in the Old." One needs a good knowledge of birds or a good reference library to interpret this kind of information.



THE FEMALE RUFOUS HUMMING-BIRD, A SPECIES WHICH IS A NATIVE OF NORTH AMERICA, FROM ALASKA TO MEXICO: ONE OF THE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS TO BE FOUND IN COLOUR IN THE BOOK "LIVING BIRDS OF THE WORLD" REVIEWED HERE BY DR. BURTON. (Photo.: Eliot Porter.)

Reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Hamish Hamilton, from "Living Birds of the World."

prevail in much of the animal kingdom. As such, their patterns of behavior, particularly those involving courtship, dress and motion, are largely of such design as appeal to the eye of man. This appeal is very old. The first known pictures of birds are those by Neolithic men who painted in Spanish caves some 8000 years ago. From the time of Aristotle onward, this interest has helped man decipher some of the basic principles of evolution contributing to his own emergence. Darwin, Wallace and the great scientists of today have used this "window" to peer deeply into the mists of evolutionary change. By studying birds from many parts of the world, they have found ways of discerning some of the most revealing clues to speciation—the ever-changing lines in the stream of life.

This quotation is from the introduction to "Living Birds of the World" (Hamish Hamilton; 70s.). The author is Associate Curator of Birds in the American Museum of Natural History. The book is the first attempt for several decades to bring us a survey of the birds of the world

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LEAVING HOSPITAL IN WASHINGTON FOR AN OUTING: MR. DULLES, U.S.

SECRETARY OF STATE, WITH MRS. DULLES.

Mr. Dulles, who was admitted to the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington on February 10 to undergo treatment for cancer, left the hospital to go out for a drive with his wife on March 8. Mr. Dulles has held a council in the hospital, and among his visitors has been President Eisenhower.



A B.M.A. BOOKLET:

DR. WINIFRED DE KOK.

Dr. Winifred de Kok is the editor of the recently published latest edition of the British Medical Association's booklet "Getting Married." Some doctors resigned in protest against the contents of the booklet, issue of which was stopped. Following this, Dr. de Kok resigned from the B.M.A., as did Dr. Eustace Chesser, contributor of one of the most controversial sections.



BEFORE HIS SUDDEN DEATH: AIR VICE-MARSHAL SAYE AT NO. 228 SQUADRON

DISBANDMENT CEREMONY.

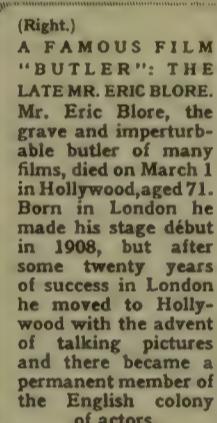
Air Vice-Marshal G. I. L. Saye, Air Officer Commanding No. 19 Group Coastal Command since 1956, was taken ill and died during the disbandment ceremony for No. 228 Squadron at R.A.F. Station, St. Eval, Cornwall, on March 6. He was 52, and his death occurred after he had taken the last salute.

(Left.)
A NYASALAND
ARREST:
DR. BANDA.

Dr. Hastings Banda, President of the Nyasaland African Congress, was among the numerous Africans arrested in Nyasaland on March 3 when a state of emergency was declared in the Protectorate. He played a leading part in the African opposition to Nyasaland's joining the Federation, assuming leadership of the Congress last year.



A DISTINGUISHED THEATRE PARTY: SIR WINSTON AND LADY CHURCHILL WITH FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY ARRIVING AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE. On March 4 Sir Winston and Lady Churchill and Viscount Montgomery were members of a theatre party to see the D'Oyly Carte production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers" at the Prince's Theatre. At the end of the second act Sir Winston was called to the House of Commons, but rejoined the party for supper at the Savoy.

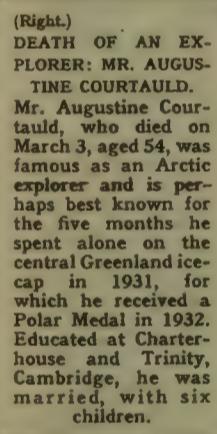
(Right.)
A FAMOUS FILM

"BUTLER": THE LATE MR. ERIC BLORE.

Mr. Eric Blore, the grave and imperturbable butler of many films, died on March 1 in Hollywood, aged 71. Born in London he made his stage début in 1908, but after some twenty years of success in London he moved to Hollywood with the advent of talking pictures and there became a permanent member of the English colony of actors.

(Left.)
A FAMOUS SLAPSTICK COMEDIAN: THE LATE MR. LOU COSTELLO.

Mr. Lou Costello, the American comedian, best known for his long and successful partnership with Bud Abbott, died on March 3, at Beverly Hills, aged 52. Born at Paterson, N.J., he was a prize fighter, shop assistant and stunt man, before going into burlesque and later the films, his first big success being in 1940. He was happily married.

(Right.)
DEATH OF AN EX-
PLORER: MR. AUGUSTINE COURTAULD.

Mr. Augustine Courtauld, who died on March 3, aged 54, was famous as an Arctic explorer and is perhaps best known for the five months he spent alone on the central Greenland icecap in 1931, for which he received a Polar Medal in 1932. Educated at Charterhouse and Trinity, Cambridge, he was married, with six children.



A MAJOR PENICILLIN DISCOVERY: THREE OF THE TEAM OF FOUR—(L. TO R.)

MR. F. P. DOYLE, DR. J. H. C. NAYLOR AND MR. F. R. BATCHELOR.

On March 6 it was announced that the three young scientists shown under the leadership of Dr. G. N. Rolinson, head of the microbiology department of Beecham research laboratories, near Dorking, had made a major discovery in isolating the basic molecule of penicillin and that this discovery opens the way to the evolution of many effective new penicillins, which could be "tailor-made" for specific conditions and diseases.



THE PENICILLIN DISCOVERY:

DR. G. N. ROLINSON.

Dr. G. N. Rolinson, the thirty-three-year-old head of the microbiology department of the Beecham research laboratories, together with Mr. F. P. Doyle, head of the chemical department, led the young team of four British scientists responsible for the discovery reported elsewhere on this page. The research was done under the guidance of Prof. E. B. Chain, who shared in the work leading to penicillin's discovery.



A HISTORIC MEETING: THE GOVERNOR OF CYPRUS, SIR HUGH FOOT (CENTRE), WITH, LEFT, ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS AND (RIGHT) DR. KUTCHUK, ON MARCH 2. It is believed that the future of Colonel Grivas, the EOKA terrorist leader, was the subject of a special meeting called on March 2 by Sir Hugh Foot, when he conferred with Archbishop Makarios and the Turkish Cypriot leaders, Dr. Kutchuk and Mr. Denktash. It is assumed that the British authorities have refused to permit any public appearance of Colonel Grivas in the island, as such an appearance would be a threat to public order.

MATTERS MARITIME ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC:
TWO GIANT TANKERS; DISASTERS; AND A REBUILD.



(Left.)
FRESH FROM A RE-FIT, THE AMERICAN EXPORT LINE'S CONSTITUTION WITH A HOLE IN HER BOWS AFTER A COLLISION WITH THE NORWEGIAN TANKER JALANTA.

In dense fog on the morning of March 1 the U.S. liner *Constitution* (26,000 tons) was in collision with the Norwegian tanker *Jalanta* (12,228 tons) about five miles south-east of the entrance to New York harbour. *Constitution*, returning from a 3,000,000-dollar refit, made her way to New York on her own power, but *Jalanta* was aided by tugs. There were no casualties.



IN LEGHORN HARBOUR: RAISING THE 2579-TON BRITISH CARGO VESSEL PELAYO, WHICH SANK IN JANUARY AFTER STRIKING A JETTY IN BAD WEATHER.

The cargo vessel *Pelayo* sank in about 60 ft. of water on January 14 after striking a jetty in bad weather. On March 1, two floating cranes began to raise the vessel, prior to sealing compartments and pumping in air to refloat the ship.



THE WICK LIFEBOAT CITY OF EDINBURGH TAKING OFF THE CREW OF THE SWEDISH SHIP STELLATUS, AGROUND NEAR DUNCANSBY HEAD, IN CAITHNESS.

On March 3, the Wick lifeboat took off the crew of the Swedish cargo ship *Stellatus* (1800 tons) which went aground the previous night on a rock shelf about two miles south of Duncansby Head. It was at first thought that immediate salvage might be possible and the captain and some others stayed aboard, but later abandoned ship.



LOWERING THE 45-TON FUNNEL ON TO THE NEW WEST GERMAN LINER BREMEN AT BREMEN, FROM A CRANE CALLED "LONG HENRY." This new West German liner of 32,000 tons is due to make her maiden voyage to New York in June. She is reconstructed from the former French liner *Pasteur* (30,477 tons), and will take 1125 passengers.



BELIEVED TO BE THE LARGEST TANKER BUILT IN EUROPE AND THE BIGGEST VESSEL EVER BUILT IN SCANDINAVIA: THE LAUNCHING OF THE W. ALTON JONES. This tanker was launched at Uddevalla shipyard, Sweden, on March 7 and is of 68,500 tons deadweight, displacing 89,000 tons fully loaded, and will have a speed of 16 knots. She has been built for the Cities Service Oil Company of New York.



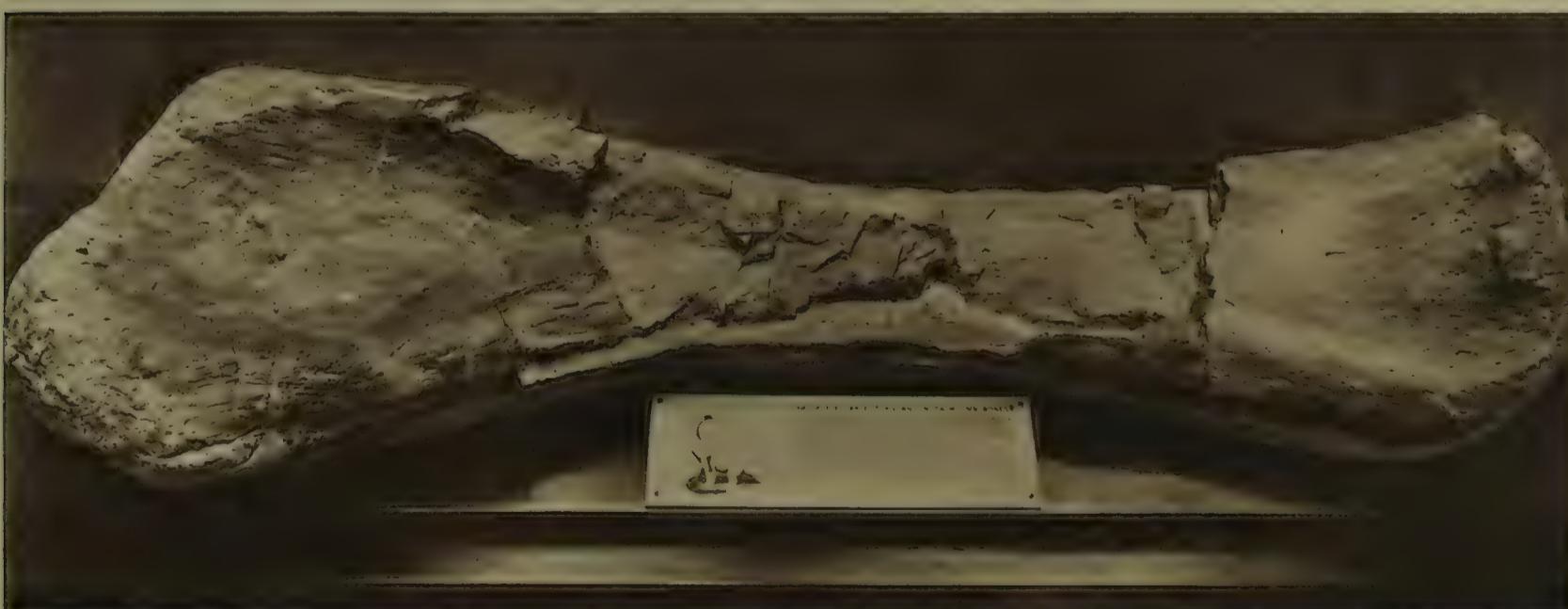
THE BIGGEST OIL TANKER BUILT, IT IS BELIEVED, IN THE UNITED STATES: THE 70,000-TON PRINCESS SOPHIE AWAITING HER TRIALS IN MASSACHUSETTS BAY. This 859-ft.-long tanker was built at the Bethlehem Steel Corporation's Quincy yard and is owned by Mr. Stavros Niarchos. She was named in November last by Queen Frederika of the Hellenes after her eldest daughter, Princess Sophie. The huge craft left for her trials off Rockland, Maine, on March 4.



KRONOSAURUS—THE WORLD'S LARGEST FLESH-EATING SEA REPTILE KNOWN—42 FT. LONG, RECONSTRUCTED AND SET UP AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY, U.S.A.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE HEAD OF THE HARVARD KRONOSAURUS, THE SKULL OF WHICH IS 9 FT. LONG, WITH EIGHTY TEETH OF UP TO A MAXIMUM LENGTH OF 8 INS.



ONE OF THE LARGEST KNOWN DINOSAUR LIMB BONES: THE 6 FT. 10 INS.-LONG HUMERUS OF BRACHIOSAURUS ALTITHORAX AT THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

MONSTERS OF 100,000,000 YEARS AGO: THE LARGEST FLESH-EATING REPTILE; AND A GIANT DINOSAUR LIMB.

Landmarks of the great ages of the reptiles have recently been put on show in two U.S. museums. In the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard the fossil skeleton of *Kronosaurus queenslandicus* (which was discovered in North Queensland in 1931) has now been assembled, partly reconstructed and articulated and is set up in a room of its own. It is one of the Plesiosaurs of the Cretaceous (of about 100,000,000 years ago) and is the largest carnivore sea reptile known to science. It is

remarkable for its relatively short neck (about 10 ft.) and for its massive triangular head. The enormous dinosaur humerus set up now in the Dinosaur Hall of the Smithsonian Institution's Natural History Building at Washington, D.C., is somewhat older (Late Jurassic, 130,000,000 years ago) and was found in Colorado. It belongs to *Brachiosaurus altithorax*, a gigantic herbivorous dinosaur, weighing as much as 55 tons and much larger than the familiar *Brontosaurus*.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

“SPEAK THE SPEECH . . .”

By J. C. TREWIN.

6 A S I was coming away from the Belgrade Theatre at Coventry after the production of "Julius Cæsar," someone in front of me said: "Well, I heard everything." And, for a moment, I was tempted to break in discourteously



CASSIUS (FREDERICK BARTMAN), RIGHT, PLEADS WITH CÆSAR (MALCOLM ROGERS) FOR A REPRIEVE FOR THE BANISHED PUBLIUS CIMBER; BRUTUS, LEFT, IS PLAYED BY ROBERT MARSDEN—A SCENE FROM THE BELGRADE THEATRE COMPANY'S PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "JULIUS CÆSAR." (BELGRADE THEATRE, COVENTRY: FIRST NIGHT OF TWO-WEEK RUN—

MARCH 3.) (Photograph by courtesy of "The Coventry Evening Telegraph.")

and say, " Didn't you expect to hear ? " It is true that to-day Shakespearian speech has a habit of being inaudible. The lines may come trippingly on the tongue, but—however well one knows them—they are sometimes hard to catch. The words that do get through clearly are not inevitably the " key-words " of William Poel : he might possibly go into a decline if he were to listen to much modern enunciation.

The usual reply is that, if one couldn't hear, one must have been deaf. I am afraid it is not so easy as that. And I am aware, too, of another facile suggestion, that "dead" spots in a theatre can be troublesome, and that a speaker must not be blamed for poor acoustics. True; and yet I continue to be worried about the quality of modern verse-speaking, the way in which syllables and sentences are jettisoned; the conversational technique employed for what originally must have been designed as a dramatic set-piece of a kind its first audiences would have loved.

However, I am speaking of "Julius Cæsar" at the Belgrade. Here, though maybe I was placed favourably, I am certain that every word was audible. It may be ungrateful, then, to add that often it was not audible in the way one wished. Lines were fussed, chipped, broken up. The actor of Cassius, an extremely intelligent player I remembered seeing at another British Repertory Theatre, was so occupied in giving "waspish" character to the man that one lost almost entirely the sweep of the speeches that Gielgud rendered so finely at Stratford years ago. "Julius Cæsar," as a whole, must have a resolute drive, a surge. A few of the players had the idea, though others (the Calpurnia for one) seemed afraid to express all that the lines contained. Any Calpurnia that lowers her voice on "the noise of battle *hurled* in the air" is being unjust to the theatrical effect of that speech, a tiny showpiece too often botched.

Even so, I enjoyed much of the night, and principally for two reasons. Bryan Bailey, as a director, uses his stage, and he does not revive a Shakespearian tragedy simply to send the jovial cry of "Wot larks!" ringing about the theatre.

The present production goes straight to the point (though one or two actors are not eager to get there); it omits very little—I cannot think when last I heard the "jigging fool" in the tent at Sardis—and it is sensibly and amply planned. At its opening the only failures were the peripatetic sword-fights at Philippi: they became merely comic, as I fear these particular fights are apt to do unless they are watched with uncommon care.

The principal excitement of this revival—and I suppose I should have mentioned it first—is the verse-speaking of Robert Marsden. I have always admired Mr. Marsden's voice and his wholly natural, never self-conscious, way with verse rhythms. At the Coventry première, when much of the other speaking, if always audible, was too anxious, too fretted, for one's complete satisfaction, Mr. Marsden let the verse run with assurance, ease, and fitness that pleased the ear and never turned simply to a monotonous iambic throbbing. I shall long remember him in the orchard, and in the tent at Sardis. It was true Shakespearian speech, and it justified the visit to the Belgrade.

I notice that I have not mentioned the Mark Antony (Clinton Greyn), a strong, lucid performance, with no special attempt at subtlety but always able to hold the stage at a given moment. In these times I do not often think first of an Antony. Probably in youth we are so overcome by the dazzle of the Oration that it is apt to dim the rest of the play. But for me "Julius Cæsar" belongs to Brutus, who slew his best lover "for the good of Rome," only to find that Cæsar's spirit would conquer after death:

O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our sword
In our own proper entrails.

The final scenes grow in theatrical quality every time I see them. One used to dismiss them as a ragged droop, as anti-climax. But the dramatist is not careless. All is crumbling: Tyrone Guthrie has said very

Certainly one got the right feeling at Coventry, though I cannot report that the scenes were particularly well acted, or that anyone—Brutus excepted—stood from the ruck. Still, "Julius Cæsar" never fails to move me. This production, with its felicities and its blots, sent me from the theatre even readier than before to argue with Frank O'Connor, who says in "The Road to Stratford"—with which I have been arguing happily to myself for ten or eleven years—that "one can only guess Shakespeare was revising in an uncritical mood something which he had written at the time of the 'Henry VI' plays." Mr. O'Connor complains of the style of the play. Here I cannot help believing that he wrote this while study-bound, and not remembering for a moment the flashing impact of "Julius Cæsar" when it is rightly spoken. Obviously he could not have heard such a performance as Mr. Marsden's Brutus.

Another, very small, reason why I enjoy "Julius Caesar" is its total absence of determined comic relief. One does weary of the Elizabethan funny man who is set upon being funny, come storm, come shine. There is nothing of that in "Caesar" once the Second Citizen has declared with misplaced enthusiasm that he is a mender of bad soles, and all he lives by is with the awl. There is the minute or so of the Poet's irruption into the Sardis tent—Charles Kay clearly enjoyed his half-dozen lines—but it does not last long enough to delight any members of the audience pining for a full-blooded roar. When thwarted, they often expend themselves on serious scenes; the entrance of Caesar's ghost can be dangerous, but this went by without disaster at Coventry, even if the musical effects appeared to be odd without being especially supernatural. I found myself recalling Gonzalo's line-and-a-half in "The Tempest":

Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one, too.

I could hardly have used that phrase for the singing of two principal artists in the first of the new International Variety programmes at the Palace, London. This programme is over now: I may be allowed to mention it merely to express



AROUND THE WORLD IN A "SMALL WORLD" WITH WHEELS ON IT: THE CRAZY GANG IN A SCENE FROM "CLOWN JEWELS." FROM L. TO R., JIMMY GOLD, TEDDY KNOX, CHARLIE NAUGHTON, JIMMY NERVO, PETER GLAZE, AND EDDIE GRAY. (VICTORIA PALACE: FIRST NIGHT, MARCH 5. JOHN SPEDDING IS TO WRITE ABOUT "CLOWN JEWELS" NEXT WEEK.) (Photograph by Houston Rogers)

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

INTERNATIONAL VARIETY (Palace).—With Johnnie Ray. (March 9.)
"THE ELDER STATESMAN" (Birmingham Repertory).—T. S. Eliot's play
(March 10.)
"THE BUSKERS" (Arts).—A play by Kenneth Jupp, with Patricia Jessel.
(March 12.)

wonder at the belief of Miss Connie Francis that a microphone was essential. Vocalists in to-day's music-hall are frightened unless they have that dire (if occasionally useful) device well within their reach. I assure you, and Miss Francis, that she need not have worried; she might well have been heard, granted a favourable wind, at Coventry. Next time she ought to trust to her own powers of projection. I wonder what the old music-hall singers would have thought if they had been faced with a microphone? Probably it would have been torn up by the roots.

RARITIES FROM TWO SALE-ROOMS AND AN ART GALLERY IN LONDON.



"HOUNDS FEEDING, SOMERSET," ONE OF THE DRAWINGS BY ROBERT BEVAN FROM THE EXHIBITION OF HIS WORKS AT P. AND D. COLNAGHI, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON.

Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi, 14, Old Bond Street, London, are showing until March 26 a delightful small exhibition of drawings and lithographs by Robert Bevan (1865-1925). Bevan



"SUSSEX CART HORSE," BY ROBERT BEVAN (1865-1925): A DELIGHTFUL STUDY EXECUTED IN CONTE, LIKE SO MANY OF HIS MOST SUCCESSFUL DRAWINGS.

was not a particularly ambitious artist, but his studies of people and horses, and his landscapes, are sensitive, with just a touch of humour. He was, incidentally, a friend of Gauguin



(Left.)
THE EXTREMELY RARE "FAIRFAX CUP": A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY VENETIAN GLASS BEAKER OF OPAQUE TURQUOISE COLOUR, WITH ITS WOODEN BOX AND CHAMOIS LEATHER BAG.

The turquoise-coloured Venetian glass beaker known as the "Fairfax Cup" is due to be sold at Sotheby's on March 20. There are only two other Venetian glasses of its kind known in the world. A special peculiarity is that in transmitted light its colour is transformed to a deep amethyst-red. A note of ownership is signed "C. Fairfax" and dated 1694, although the beaker itself is at least 200 years older. It is 3½ ins. high. The cup is enamelled with a humorously executed rendering of the Pyramus and Thisbe story.

(Right.)
THE "FAIRFAX CUP" IS ENAMELLED IN A CONTINUOUS BAND, WITH THE STORY OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE. BEHIND THISBE THE LION IS JUST VISIBLE.



TWO OUTSTANDING PIECES OF FURNITURE DUE TO BE SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S ON MARCH 19: (ABOVE) A LOUIS XV MARQUETRY TABLE, THE PROPERTY OF JAMES CHRISTIE; AND (RIGHT) AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DANISH OR SCANDINAVIAN MARQUETRY BUREAU CABINET WITH ATTRACTIVELY INLAID BIRDS AND SHIPS.

The most important items in the Fine Furniture sale at Christie's on March 19 are probably the seven pieces belonging to a descendant of the firm's founder. Of these, the most outstanding is the marquetry table (above), attributed to R. Lacroix, the son-in-law of another celebrated cabinet-maker, J.-F. Oeben.



GALLANTRY, DISTINCTION—AND LUCK; AND A TREASURE TROVE DECISION.



IN LONDON TO RECEIVE MEDALS FOR GALLANTRY AT THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION ON MARCH 3: (L. TO R.) MOTOR MECHANIC M. PETERS, COXSWAIN D. ROACH AND SIGNALMAN D. PAYNTER, ALL OF ST. IVES, CORNWALL; COXSWAIN R. MOORE, OF BARROW-IN-FURNESS; COXSWAIN J. W. SALES, OF LERWICK, SHETLAND; AND MR. A. D. MOUAT, OF BALTIASOUND, SHETLAND. MR. PETERS AND MR. SALES RECEIVED SILVER MEDALS; THE REMAINDER BRONZE MEDALS.



GENERAL DE GAULLE IN WAX: PREPARING THE FRENCH PRESIDENT'S EFFIGY AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S, IN LONDON, FOR ITS RECENT APPEARANCE IN THE GROUP OF THE WORLD'S HEADS OF STATES IN THE EXHIBITION HALL. THE GROUP WAS REARRANGED SLIGHTLY TO MAKE WAY FOR THE NEWCOMER.

AN AWARD FOR GALLANTRY: THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL, MR. MARPLES (RIGHT), PRESENTING A WALLET AND CHEQUE FOR 20 GUINEAS TO MR. F. CARTER, A WEST LONDON SUB-POSTMASTER FOR COURAGE IN RESISTING BANDITS ON JANUARY 19. HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. ALDERTON (CENTRE), WAS ALSO REWARDED.



MR. STIRLING MOSS, THE FAMOUS RACING DRIVER, WITH THE ADVANCED MOTORIST'S DRIVING BADGE, AFTER HE HAD TAKEN THE TEST OF THE INSTITUTE OF ADVANCED MOTORISTS ON MARCH 2. HE WAS GIVEN FULL MARKS BY THE DIRECTOR OF TESTING, HIS EXAMINER.



THE SILVER RITUAL CASKET AND (ABOVE) THE INTERIOR FILTER, FOUND IN 1954 AT THE WALBROOK MITHRÆUM SITE, NOW DECLARED TREASURE TROVE. This casket was found in 1954 during the excavation of the Walbrook Mithraeum, and after it had been cleaned and conserved we published an account of it in our issue of May 26, 1956. On March 6 this year the Corporation of the City claimed it as treasure trove and proposed to pay the finders, the Roman Medieval Excavations Council, £3000.



A MODERN VERSION OF LITTLE JACK HORNER: MRS. LAST, OF HOLLESLEY, SUFFOLK, WITH THE LADY'S GOLD WRIST-WATCH WHICH SHE FOUND IN A TIN OF AUSTRALIAN PEARS ON MARCH 5—A DISCOVERY WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE WHAT-A-GOOD-GIRL-AM-I SMILE.

IN LONDON, AUSTRALIA AND CYPRUS—VARIED NEWS AT HOME AND ABROAD:

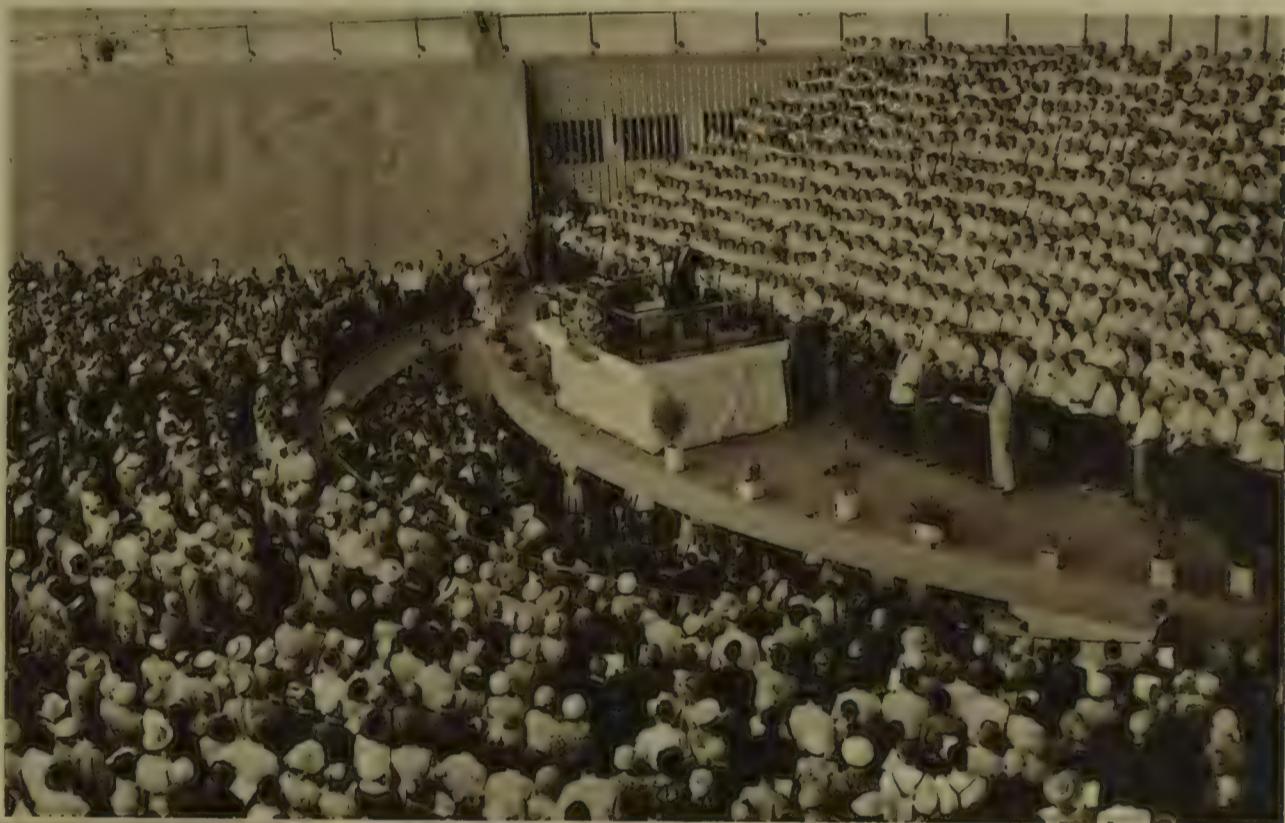


SCAFFOLDING OVER THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE OF THE FAMOUS SOUTH LONDON PUB IN PREPARATION FOR ITS REMOVAL AND THE PUB'S DEMOLITION.

One of London's most famous public houses, the Elephant and Castle, was closed on March 8. Demolition, to make way for redevelopment of this site in south London, was to begin two days later. The famous Elephant and Castle statue, which had long stood proudly on top of the building, was, however, saved from the impending doom, and was carefully removed to be placed in storage... It may eventually be erected in the centre of the large roundabout which is to be built at the Elephant and Castle site, where there has been a public house since the middle of the eighteenth century.



REMOVING THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE STATUE, WHICH MAY EVENTUALLY STAND ON THE ROUNDABOUT WHICH IS TO BE BUILT AT THE SITE.



(Right.) DR. BILLY GRAHAM IN AUSTRALIA: A VIEW OF THE LARGE AUDIENCE AND PART OF THE CHOIR AT A MEETING HELD IN MELBOURNE RECENTLY.

Our photograph shows a meeting held recently by Dr. Billy Graham at the Sidney Myer Music Bowl, Melbourne, Victoria. A large number of people attended and the revivalist was supported by a massed choir of several hundred voices. Dr. Graham concludes his main crusade in Melbourne on March 15 and visits Tasmania on March 16-17. He also hopes to speak at final meetings in New Zealand, where crusades have been conducted by fellow evangelists, and will return to Sydney to open the main crusade there lasting from April 12 until May.



TO HOUSE THE OFFICES OF THE TRANSITIONAL COMMITTEE FROM MARCH 30: THE PUBLIC INFORMATION OFFICE AND CENTRAL NEWSROOM FOR JOURNALISTS IN CYPRUS. The building in Nicosia in which has been housed the central newsroom for journalists reporting on Cyprus, and the public information office, is now to be used for the offices of the transitional committee, which will assist in planning for the transfer of sovereignty.



IN TRAINING FOR TROOPING THE COLOUR ON JUNE 13: THE POLICE HORSE *IMP*, WHICH THE QUEEN WILL RIDE, BEING TRAINED BESIDE THE GUARDS BAND. It is expected that at this year's Trooping the Colour, her Majesty will ride the police horse *Imp*; and with this end in view, *Imp* is being noise-trained and being ridden by P.C. Varley during the Changing of the Guard outside Buckingham Palace on March 5.

WHEN, as in our crumbling civilisation, all traditional truths are questioned and all traditional values spurned, almost the whole of contemporary literature mirrors the prevailing terror and insecurity. That is why I believe that it is equally unsound to react to the present cult of rampant indecency in fiction with either satisfaction or revulsion. Because those who offer this parade of tortured sexuality, as well as those who encourage it with their applause, resemble nothing so much as lonely children frightened of the dark, bolstering up their courage by repeating out loud all the nastiest words they know. They deserve compassion, because they no longer dare to look into the human heart. Love and tenderness, grief and sorrow, joy and pain have, for such people, lost all meaning—indeed, they arouse nothing but the painful embarrassment once associated with every aspect of physical sex. Yet here and there we still find a writer who remains unafraid, who can, as Newman wrote of Virgil, "give utterance, as the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time."

Such a writer is Mr. Robert Nathan, and I commend his new novel, *So LOVE RETURNS*, to all those readers—and I hope there will be many—who do not dismiss my previous paragraph as the vapourings of one who lives in a dead past. I am not surprised to learn that Mr. Nathan is a poet, for there is song in every line of his story. That story is sad enough, and it contains an element of fantasy which could not have survived any handling less sure and delicate. It is told in the first person, by a not very successful American writer of children's stories, whose wife is recently dead. He lives in a shack by the sea, looking after his two little children as best he can, and trying to make peace with his sorrow. The children seem happy enough; it is the father who is aware of how little he can give them:

No; death has a hard time frightening children, there is too much life in them and around them. But children miss the living presence of love in a house: a love that falls like a dew from above and which they can soak up like hungry grass. The children of a man alone can never feel, falling upon them like a balm, the tenderness of a man and a woman in love.

A man alone can't teach his son to believe in angels, or his daughter to cook. And that summer Trisha wanted to learn to cook, among other things.... I found her one day, disconsolate beside the stove on which a pot of some glutinous material was slowly bubbling. She turned her harassed, pucker-faced up to me, the face of a child who feels that the grown-up world has betrayed her. "It says on the box," she declared, "'cook until tender.' But who knows when tender is?"

Who indeed? What father can tell a little girl when tender is? Tender is when a heart replies to the cry of another, when a mother comforts her child, when a woman turns at midnight to her lover. "I wish I knew how to tell you," I said, "when tender is."

I am not going to describe how the family found Kathleen: who—or what—Kathleen was; of how in the end they lost her. I will only say that this is a book of haunting beauty, like a lonely sea under the moon.

More people write about children than can ever be expected to understand them. This week I have come across two more novels on this theme, both well worth reading. The better is Dorothy Wright's *AMONG THE CEDARS*. This tells of Anna Lancing, the young daughter of divorced parents, whose father neglects her for archaeological work in Ethiopia, while her mother is equally preoccupied with her second husband, an Italian count, and with a succession of boy friends. Anna is terrified by being shut into a deserted Italian villa with an apparently witless spastic boy. She is befriended by a nice, ordinary English family, and all turns out well. Not a very original conception, you will say, but Miss Wright makes the most of it. Mr. Roy Forster's *DIAMOND HARBOUR* is about a little boy living in the imperial India of 1909. The background, which I share in common with the author as well as with his young hero, is completely authentic.

Another country which I have come to know well during the past ten years is Spain. Again, I can vouch for the genuineness of the Spanish pride and courtesy, rigid principle shadowed by passion and violence, which Mr. Richard Condon depicts in *THE OLDEST CONFESSION*. This is a tale of love and murder, suicide, bullfights, and the theft of valuable Spanish paintings. Mr. Condon is an American who knows his Spaniards—and his Americans. From Spain I travelled, in my armchair, to Wales. You will know by now that I have little personal sympathy with the Welsh idiom, yet I make an exception—the second within a month—in favour of Menna Gallie's novel *STRIKE FOR A KINGDOM*. This contains the usual dose of poverty and politics, but

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

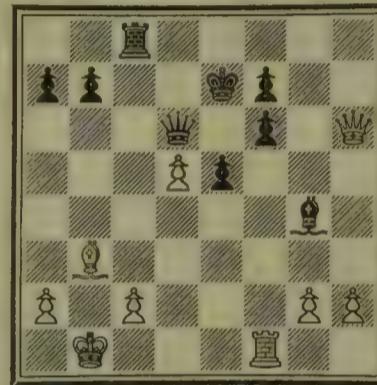
By E. D. O'BRIEN.

adds a good murder mystery and a confession scene which I found touching. From Wales, Mr. Desmond Stewart, the author of *A WOMAN BESIEGED*, took me to the Middle East. If all expatriate Britons behaved like the characters in Mr. Stewart's "Media," I am not surprised that our influence in those regions has come to a grinding halt. It caused me no distress when his heroine was raped by devil-worshippers. Unfortunately she had invited the experience, and took it with disdaining sang-froid.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THIS position which arose in a game at the New Year's tournament at Beverwijk, Holland, between the Dutchman Van den Berg (white) and the Tyrolean-born Argentine Eliskases, led on to some piquant after-play. Before reading further, cover the text below the diagram and try to decide what you would have played. White to move:



There was an immediate win by 26. Q-R4!

This sets up two distinct threats, namely 27. Q×B and the distinctly more subtle and beautiful 27. R×P!—for if 27.... Q×R there comes 28. P-Q6ch; the black queen being pinned, the king has to abandon her to her fate. If Black, after 26. Q-R4, B-Q2 (say); 27. R×P tries a queen move, for instance Q-B4, he succumbs to a fearsome discovered (or, if White prefers, *double*) check.

Van den Berg played a move which looks almost as good as 26. Q-R4 but isn't:

26. Q-Kt7? B-R4

As simple as that. Now the bishop, instead of being adrift like a ship without a rudder, finds a safe haven at Kkt3.

27. P-KR4? B-Kt3

White's last move more or less buried his own queen. From now on Eliskases demonstrates in masterly style that one chance is all you get against a grand master. He is already threatening to win by 28.... B×Pch! 29. B×B, Q-Kt5ch, e.g., 30. K-R1, Q-B6ch, etc., or 30. B-Kt3, Q-K5ch winning White's rook by a "fork" check in, at most, two more moves. If 30. K-B1 then 30.... R×Bch; 31. K×R, Q-B5ch and 32.... Q×R.

28. R-B3 P-R4! 30. B×P Q-Kt5ch
29. P-Kt4 P-R5! 31. K-R1

Or 31. B-Kt3, B×Pch! and now 32. K-Kt2, Q-Q5ch mates or wins the rook, whilst 32. K-B1 fails against 32.... Q-K8ch; 33. K-Kt2, Q-QKt8ch; 34. K-R3, R-QRch, etc.

31. Q×B 33. R-QKt3 Q-Q5ch
32. Q×P(B6)ch K-Q2 34. P-B3 R×P

White resigns, for 35. R×Pch would come to grief against 35.... R-B2 dis ch and mate next move.

I have given pride of place to novels this week, because those which came my way seemed to be better, in their genre, than my quota of non-fiction. However, one or two of the latter provided me with some pleasant surprises. Once again, I have been forced to overcome my tepidity in the matter of Polynesians. Mr. Robert Langdon's *ISLAND OF LOVE* is a semi-historical account of Tahiti, that fabulous island of indolence and indulgence visited, in turn, by Captain Cook, Charles Darwin, Bligh of the *Bounty*, Robert Louis Stevenson, Gauguin and Rupert Brooke. Its latest invaders have, of course, been film companies, and I cannot say that Mr. Langdon's book takes much of the Technicolor out of their productions. Certainly the islanders seem to have begun their relations with western visitors in the manner in which they are reported to be continuing it. I was diverted by the pathetic plea of the sailors in the sick-bay of the *Dolphin*, the British ship which

arrived at Tahiti in 1767, that one or other of the young girls so liberally offered to them "would make an Excellent Nurse"!

A quite different world is recalled in *MASTER OF LANCUT*, the memoirs of Count Alfred Potocki. Here we have the last fine flamboyance of the Almanac de Gotha, for the Count's pages are larded with such names as Habsburg, Romanov, Loewenstein, Lichtenstein, Obolensky, Radziwill, Hohenlohe, and Czartoryski, and with occasional bows and curseys to members of the British Royal family. It is a sad book, but not too sad. Lancut, the seat of the Potocki family, is now a State museum. "This knowledge," writes the Count, "sustains me as I review that lost past." He surveys the future, too, with a courageous faith, remembering that no past oppression has been able to quench the idealism of the Polish people, and already, he feels, there are signs of revival.

Returning home from these extensive wanderings, I was a little disappointed by Mary and Padraig Colum's *OUR FRIEND JAMES JOYCE*. This is a strictly personal narrative, written in alternate sections by Mary Colum, whose inspiration conceived the book, and by her husband. It will be hailed as a treasure by those who know their Joyce well—indeed, there are plenty of anecdotes which may well please and interest those who are not initiates of the cult. (I am prepared to take the author's word for it that a passage from "Finnegan's Wake," which reads, "and she sass her nach, chillybom bom and forty bonnets, upon the altarstane," is "a memento to Miss Rebecca West"—but I should dearly love to hear Miss West's own comment!)

It is good to have a biography of Admiral Ramsay by that more than competent writer of naval studies, Rear-Admiral W. S. Chalmers. The main narrative in *FULL CYCLE* is illustrated from the Admiral's diaries and from letters to his wife. Ramsay was, of course, in charge of the naval operations at Dunkirk and at the Normandy landings, two of the finest chapters in our naval history. At the height of the former (May 29, 1940), he wrote: "Just a few lines. The tempo is frightful and ever-increasing. You will know by now what my task is: the most colossal ever undertaken of its kind, and in circumstances without precedent." That is, if anything, an understatement. The man who wrote it, and who fulfilled that task with such miraculous skill and devotion to duty, deserves a memorial *aere perennius*. Rear-Admiral Chalmers' book provides it.

No reader of *The Illustrated London News* will be unacquainted with Sir Leonard Woolley's magnificent work in the archaeological field, or with his gift for recreating the cities and the civilisations of the past. In *A FORGOTTEN KINGDOM*, he describes his researches at Hatay, near Antioch, on the sites of al Mina and Atchana. He managed to identify the former with the classical Posideum, and the latter with a town named Alalakh, of which he recovered what he modestly calls "a continuous and fairly detailed history." Scholars are already aware of all this. Sir Leonard's new book is confined to points of general interest, and as such it cannot fail to delight all those who have a sense of the mystery of the past.

My only connection with the hunting field is that a friend who hunts with the Warwickshire once (and not for the most flattering of reasons!) named a hunter after me. It qualifies me to recommend the new edition of Lieut.-Colonel Hitchcock's classic, "SADDLE UP." I gladly do so—knowing that I have the support of every pink, black, or "rat-catcher" coat in the country.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- So LOVE RETURNS, by Robert Nathan. (W. H. Allen; 11s. 6d.)
- AMONG THE CEDARS, by Dorothy Wright. (Macmillan; 15s.)
- DIAMOND HARBOUR, by Roy Forster. (Michael Joseph; 15s.)
- THE OLDEST CONFESSION, by Richard Condon. (Longmans; 15s.)
- STRIKE FOR A KINGDOM, by Menna Gallie. (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.)
- A WOMAN BESIEGED, by Desmond Stewart. (Heinemann; 16s.)
- ISLAND OF LOVE, by Robert Langdon. (Cassell; 21s.)
- MASTER OF LANCUT, by Count Alfred Potocki. (W. H. Allen; 25s.)
- OUR FRIEND JAMES JOYCE, by Mary and Padraig Colum. (Gollancz; 16s.)
- FULL CYCLE, by Rear-Admiral W. S. Chalmers. (Hodder and Stoughton; 30s.)
- A FORGOTTEN KINGDOM, by Sir Leonard Woolley. (Max Parrish; 30s.)
- "SADDLE UP," by Lieut.-Colonel F. C. Hitchcock. (Stanley Paul; 25s.)

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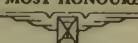
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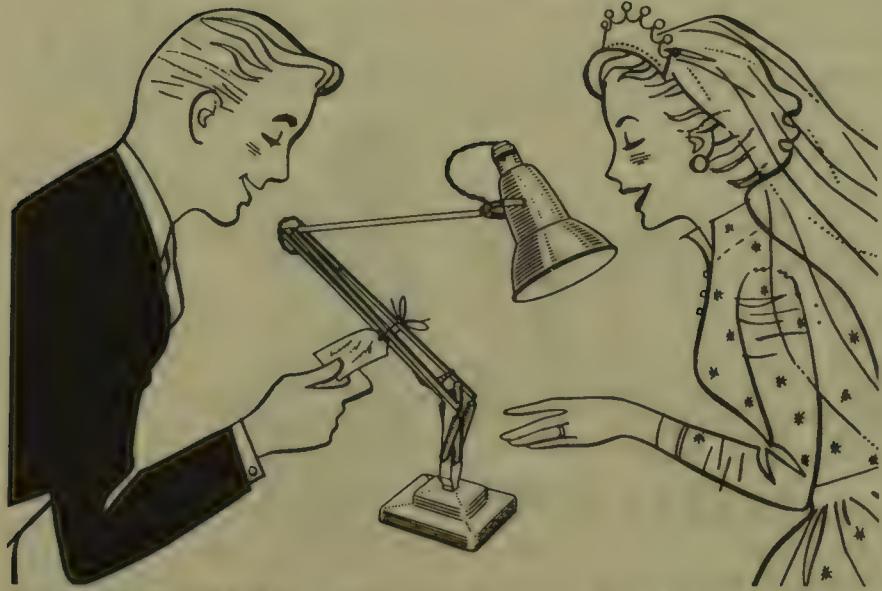
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Edwin Smith

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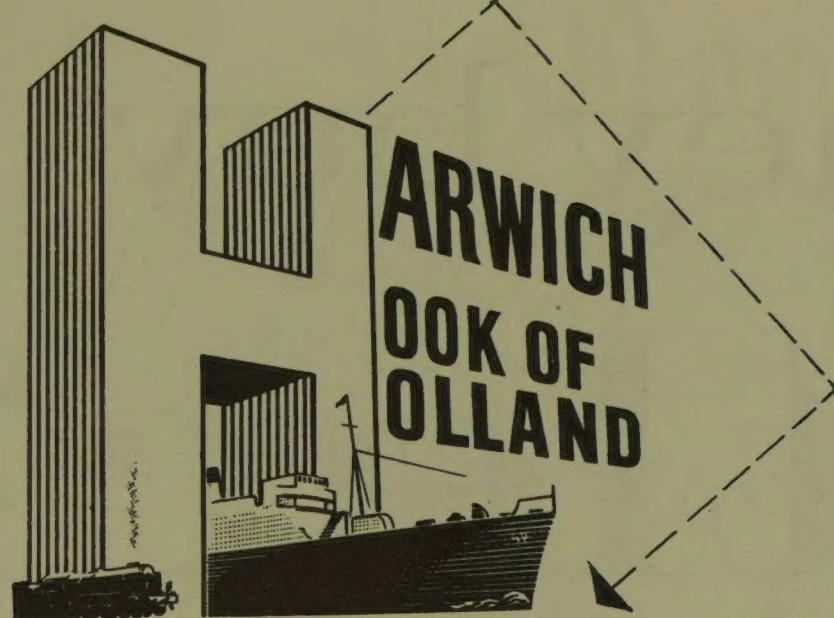
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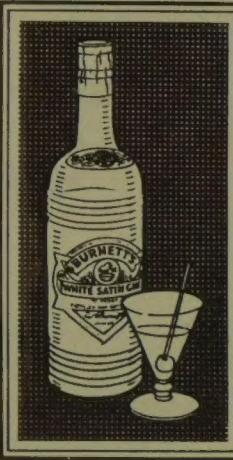
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March 11 issue of "The Tatler" includes:
FASHION—A 12-page section, with 3 in full colour, translating the Spring Collections into clothes now in the shops. **SIMONE MIRMAN**—Royal milliner, interviewed by Monica Furlong. **EVE-OF-THE-FLAT**—Photographs from New-market of Captain Boyd-Rochfort's training stables. **TRAVEL**—Ways to take a car on holiday abroad by Doone Beal. **BEAUTY** by Jean Cleland.

FOR COCKTAIL-LOVERS—“*My grudge against the late Mr. Collins!*” **SHOPKEEPERS SUPREME**—Photographic feature on Britain's outstanding modern retailers. **SOCIAL NEWS** and pictures. **VERDICTS** on the new plays by Anthony Cookman, on Films by Elspeth Grant, Books by Siriol Hugh-Jones and on Jazz by Gerald Lascelles. **COOKERY** by Helen Burke. **MOTORING**—Gordon Wilkins on Seat Belts.



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